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The Hartley University College Magazine.

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The . . .

Hartley University College

.. Magazine ..

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D. M. Barnes. C. M. Bull.

THE

Hartley University College Magazine.

Editorial Notes.

The Editor discourses upon Men and Things.

We have this term to lament the passing of Professor Clarke. For, as all the world knows, he has left us to sail far over the summer sea, and to melt, as did Lord Howard in the ancient days, like a cloud in the silent summer heaven. And to mark his passage there has been a great making of speeches, and a great giving of presents, and the pronouncing of many eulogies, and the wishing of many good wishes. So that we will not again, in this place, attempt to extol his merits higher to the heavens.

He has gone to take up a professional post in the South African College, Capetown, which is the largest, oldest, and best endowed of the University Colleges of South Africa. Recently the organization of the College has been considerably extended, and the Diocesan College of Rondebosch (near Capetown) has just been incorporated in the larger institution. The Staff of the College now includes 23 Professors who together form the Senate, and the work is much like that of an ordinary University College in England. Among recent developments is an attempt to make provision for the post graduate training of High School teachers on lines somewhat similar to those laid down in the requirements for Oxford, Cambridge and London Diplomas in Pedagogy in England. To carry on and develop this work the new post of Professor of Education has been created, but it is impossible to say, at this juncture what developments of the work are likely to take place. It would appear that the South African College is destined to play an important part in the measures which will

shortly be taken to establish in Cape Town, a properly equipped South African University. At present no generally accepted scheme has been formulated. Many difficulties have to be met and overcome, and much thought and patience will be necessary before the ideal can be realized. But one thing can safely be asserted and that is, that the South African College must form a not unimportant constituent element in any South African University which, during the next few years, may come into being.

After the great speech-making which took place before his departure, Professor Clarke addressed a couple of letters to the representatives of the men and women respectively. We here print them.

Hartley University College,
Southampton.
March 3rd, 1911.

DEAR MR. TOOGOOD,

I am afraid I hardly expressed adequately my keen appreciation of the truly generous reception which the men students gave me yesterday. In fact I was so overwhelmed by the warm sincerity of their demonstration that I could not collect my wits for more than what, I fear, were a few commonplace remarks. But I do wish you would convey to the men, not only my appreciation of their kindness yesterday, but my still greater appreciation of the spirit they have shown towards me, and of the way they have trusted me even when I had to do unpleasant things. The spirit of cordial good-fellowship which appeared in such strength yesterday is abundant proof of the healthy feeling which now, I trust, pervades the College.

I am sorry the necessary haste of my departure precludes me from saying good-bye to the men individually, but wish to say that if any Hartley man, past or present, ever comes to South Africa I shall want to know the reason why if he fails to look me up. And though I shall be rather far away I shall still be ready to do anything I can to further the interests of those who all through have been so good to me.

Again thanking you and the men most cordially,

I remain,

Yours very truly,

F. CLARKE.

P.S,—Your description of lectures was quite accurate, I thiuk. That was just what I have tried to make them. The very business of teaching seems to demand it.

The Professor alludes in his postscript to Mr. Toogood's description of his lectures. It will be remembered that Mr. Toogood described the Professor's lectures as being "confidential chats which, while encouraging the expression of individual opinion, at the same time display Professor Clarke's extensive knowledge, not only of Educational Theory, but of all other branches of learning."

Hartley University College,
Southampton.
March 3rd, 1911.

DEAR MISS HUGHES,

I feel I must write before I go to ask you to thank the women students most cordially for the sincere warmth of their reception yesterday, and you in particular for your words of appreciation. I trust the revelations of domestic troubles which I had to make did not leave you and Miss Bottomley too deeply smitten with remorse.

I felt yesterday that the few words I was able to say expressed all too inadequately what I really felt. It is difficult on such an occasion to show fully what one feels, and I am afraid I possess the common English trait of dreading too much self-revelation. But I do appreciate the kindness that was shown me—the more so as, though I knew the kindness was there, the warmth and vigour of its expression rather overwhelmed me. Will you try with your own intuition to interpret my feelings and convey them to the women students?

I should like to add that if any present or past students of the College ever come to South Africa I shall be disappointed if they do not look me up. And though I shall he rather far away, I shall still he ready to do anything I can to further the interests of those who have heen so good to me.

I remain,
Yours very truly,
F. CLARKE.

We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. Suggate, who has made his advent at College this term as Junior Lecturer in the Department of Education. Mr. Suggate has done a good deal of work at the University of London in Experimental Psychology and kindred subjects. In 1907 he went up to King's College, London, where he began to study the physical sciences. Later, he took a course in Mental Science, and, in 1910, graduated as a B.Sc. with Honours in Experimental Psychology, at which examination, there were at the time when Mr. Suggate passed, less than a dozen successes (a fact which indicates the extent of Mr. Suggate's scholastic attainments). As we have noted above, he has done much original work in Experimental Psychology, including many observations of children.

We have also to welcome Mr. Barton who has succeeded Dr. Hearnshaw in the Department of History. His boyhood was spent at Windemere Grammar School, whence after matriculating in the 1st Division he went up to the King's, London, where he remained from 1905 to 1909. He took firsts in all the Inter B.A. (internal) subjects. He also gained the Inglis History Scholarship, the Brewer and Gladstone

History prizes, and was made an Associate of his college. Finally, to crown it all, he took B.A. in first class honours in History.

Before his advent here, Mr. Barton was, for a year, in charge of the English and History at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Faversham.

Prof. Studer has just published for the Southampton Record Society, the first vol. of the *Oak Book of Southampton*, (p.p., 160 + xxxix).

The Oak Book is the most valuable MS. preserved among the Town Archives. It ranks worthily by the side of the "White Book" of London, the "Red Book" of Bristol, or the "Domesday" of Ipswich. The attention of archæologists was first drawn to the importance of this MS. in 1832. Ever since that time exhortations had come from various quarters to prepare it for publication, but only small portions of it had appeared in print, and a considerable section of the MS. had not even been identified. The reason for this neglect must probably be sought in the defects of the MS. and difficulties of the language which brought such an edition within the province of the philologist rather than that of the historian. It is after three years' patient labour, that the editor has at last succeeded in publishing the first instalment of the work, and the second part is to follow shortly.

The Oak Book contains a collection of texts, the chief of which are in Anglo-Norman (or Anglo-French) and the rest in mediæval Latin. The writing of the oldest texts goes back to c. A.D. 1300, and most of the entries belong to the 14th century. The first volume includes the Anglo-Norman Laws of the ancient Guild Merchant of Southampton. They are extremely interesting and written in a language and style of which no French scholar of those days need have been ashamed. They offer a rich field for the philologist in a study which has, so far, been rather neglected, but they are of even greater interest to the historian. The Editor has given a literal modern translation of the text by the side of the original, elucidated the difficulties and brought the contents of the book within the reach of everyone. In an Introduction of nearly 40 pages, he has endeavoured to sketch a brief history of the origin and development of a Guild Merchant at Southampton; but he has by no means exhausted the subject, and it is to be hoped that publications like these will stimulate the zeal of local historians to wrest from these old writings the many secrets they still contain.

AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL MATTERS.

With reference to Educational Work in all its Branches—Some statistical and other facts about the system of public education.

[Contributed by Colonel Albert W. Swalm, American Consul, Southampton, and for many years officially connected with the Public school system, from Primary to the State University, in his home state of Iowa.]

* * *

It may safely be said that the one thing nearest and dearest the public heart and conscience of America, is the important one of Education,—considered in any way that it may be presented. For the cause of Education they are willing to be heavily taxed, and continuously so, in order that the best results of scholastic training may fall in fortunate way to the blessing of the lives of the young. To that end the laws have been drafted; they have been made easy to understand; have much of a self-enforcing power, and no general assault upon them has in any way ever made an impression. The people,—the whole people,—are the makers of these laws; they cause them to be enforced; they see where they can be bettered and they do it, and do it with a suddenness and surety that leaves nothing to be wanted—save only untiring labor,—devoted labor,—in carrying out the programme. I have often said here, in speech, the occasion offering,—that the best and most valuable asset of the American Republic was found in our boys and girls,—and that fact we all know,—know it in the most practical way,—and know and appreciate the need of every possible educational advantage for their mental development, coupled with that bodily care that shall bring about as far as is humanly possible—a sound mind in a sound body,—rich and poor alike! So the American Public schools,—the Common Schools,—are made a great Democratic foundation,—broad, wise, liberal,—and as efficient as time, men and women, money, heart, hope, and prayer can make,—and that may be taken as the text for what may follow.

It may be taken for granted that this departure from the sordid, narrow, ungenerous ways of the old was not adopted *con amore*, but it did find adoption after years of struggle and of sacrifice,—and the battle had only to be fought once. In all the intelligent States the progressive march was, and is, unimpeded. They are satisfied with the results, and are quite

willing to trust the future to serve the land as well as the system has served and blessed in the past.

When an American contemplates a vast army of over eighteen and a half millions of children enrolled in the public schools,—in the hands of more than six hundred thousand teachers,—just above 21 per cent of the population thus enrolled in the public schools,—do you blame him if he assumes a somewhat complacent and well satisfied air,—much after the manner of him who has dined exceedingly well,—and healthfully? All this the free work of the people, under the laws that they passed in legislative way, for the common good. From time out of mind they had the warnings and calls to duty and service herein. One needs nothing later than the Proverbs for an educational campaign! But we had texts also from later minds! It was Montaigne who said, "Ignorance is the mother of all evils,"—all, not a few! "O! this learning! what a thing it is!" was true enough to come from the greatest mind of any age, - Shakespeare! "There is no knowledge that is not power," wrote Emerson in the early days of the contest that was on. What comfort Milton gives! And so with every man who has not writ his name as if in water!

Now, let me tell you that about three hundred thousand public school houses are in operation in the United States! That makes an average of six school houses for every soldier —or man in uniform—in the States! Pleasure will only come with a change in the average—in favor of the school houses! And these figures have nothing to do statistically with the higher lines of education, as to colleges and universities.

Before I leave this foundation line of all our educational structure, let me say that all this work has been done outside active church connection,—and by that I mean sectarian connection. While the churches have had nothing to do with the school work as such, I beg to assure my readers that the schools are surrounded and permeated by very substantial Christian influences. There is no legal requirement that teachers shall belong to the church,—by that I mean the great Christian, believing body,—but I have never known in my own State a teacher in the schools who was not found in more or less active connection with some accepted form of Christian faith. In my many years of practical connection with the direction of the work as member of Educational Boards, I always noted that when it came to the election of teachers, in some way, not down on the paper, that phase of character was looked after, and it strangely happened that usually those were found chosen in the upturn of the ballots who were of some

household of faith. It was always possible to find the right combination of teaching efficiency, and simple Christian faith. And men who were not members of church were most active in asking that these selections were so made. You can see therefore how a decided Christian influence could be created in the schools so staffed. All churches, from the top of the list down, are represented in these teaching lines, and while religious instruction is not permitted to be given, there is an abundant and generally acceptable blessed literature found in Holy Writ, which may be read. No man can well object to his child's having a well-grounded knowledge of the Commandments,—and all along that line of moral verity, command, hope, and sunny encouragement. The printing and engraving art is not barren of fine artistic possibilities as arrayed on the walls! The comforting Beatitudes,—with their everlasting "shall!"—they are not without sure fruitage in the minds of the young! while the proper music, which is a regular branch, affords a splendid avenue leading to the land of better things in thought and hope. As one rather queer old friend of mine,—a teacher of half a century's devotion,—said to a gathering of young workers, "Keep the children as busy as the devil in thinking of good things and you will have no trouble!" It is the general supposition across the water that his Devilship is not afflicted with the "sleeping sickness!" As to the results of this work,—not referring to the last individual named!—I beg to quote from an address of a distinguished Englishman,—Lord Morley,—who paid a visit to the States, and he was good enough to say this:

> "There is no country where religion is more genuine,
> "or more earnest. The common schools of the United
> "States are practically confined to secular instruction, yet
> "nowhere in the world is religious knowledge more
> "general."

With children so surrounded, and the work of the family altar, and of the many branches of young people's Christian Endeavour work, aided by an active, devoted, democratic, sunny-hearted clergy and laity, taking an abiding, untiring interest in the work of the school, and all always welcome in every school room with the fit word, or suggestion—these agencies bring about the results that Lord Morley has been good enough to declare. The rolls of church membership tell another corroborative branch of the story.

On this great foundation of the American public school rests the other great factor in Educational culture and development—our colleges and universities. In some lands Higher Education is monopolized for one sex exclusively, to be used in

the making of the gentleman, who is not to know anything about toil or the wrinkling cares of business responsibilities. In others these means are to be used solely to develop the scholar—more or less one-ideaed and lop-sided with life about him; but the American ideal is to create the educated, cultured citizen—a composite that shall also be the gentleman, the scholar and the appreciative citizen as well; to be of that class, able and patriotic in looking at things local as well as national; strong in courage, clear in judgment, undismayed in action political and social, for the common good. That is a fair definition of the Higher Educational intent, and the fruit has been fine in quality as well as quantity, and grows every year into greater force in the governing factors of the country at large. And I am proud to write it down that the monopolistic feature is so largely noted by its entire absence. If the higher walks of educational life are good for man, why not for woman? We can not see any reason why, and are sufficiently Democratic, and just as well, to open the doors of nine-tenths of the five hundred colleges and universities to our sister woman on terms of absolute equality. It is a matter of purely local concern, and we are satisfied with the results. And further, there will be no recision from this plan of educational equality. The man who is afraid to meet this kind of competition—for that is about the size of it!—is not of the kind that the world need ever fear—for good or ill!

We early took steps for the establishment of Higher Education. Even when yet an English colony, as a marked favor to the colonials, a charter was granted to Harvard in 1636; Dartmouth in 1769 and Yale in 1701—all prior to the reaping of the crop sown by bad or worse administration, attempted at long range by inconsiderate men, dealing with men of independent mind and approved courage. The natural desire of free man is toward higher development, if you give him the opportunity. In a great country of wide and almost limitless distances, local development met local demand; and local generosity and enterprise led to a great augmentation of these higher halls of learning. State Universities followed, or led, public endowments were made; systems adopted as were found suitable, until to-day the number of recognised classical institutions of learning is close upon five hundred. Dotting the States, from the farthest east Atlantic coast to the far western Pacific shores, are to be found great institutions of learning,—great in all material equipment, great in financial support, rich in endowments, thoroughly staffed, with magnificent student bodies of thousands of enthusiastic workers—men and women,—whom

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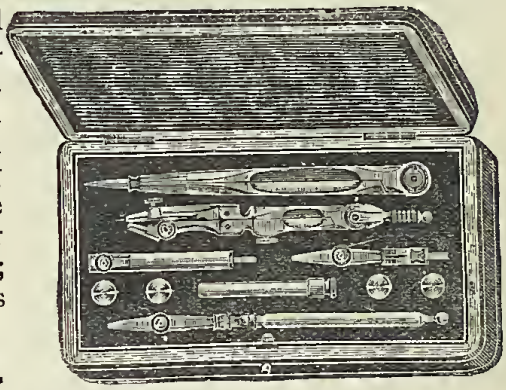
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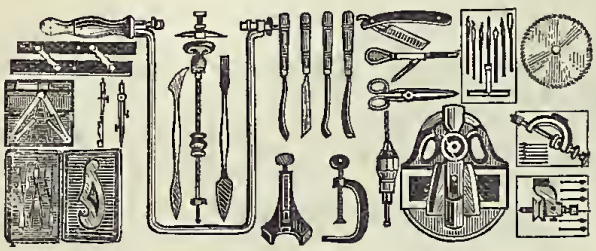
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it is a delight of life to meet and know. And from the Canadian line on the North to the Gulf it is just the same, answering finely the same needs. Some of these great schools were the creation of a single generous individual—such as Leland Stanford, of California,—devoting a great estate to the sole purpose of Higher Education,—of both sexes. That chapter, dealing with the great and generous action of so many of my fellow citizens, in the upbuilding of these schools of Higher Education, is one of the highest commendations of the appreciative side of American character for the lasting and substantial things in developing the best in life of our young men and women. And I may say also that there were hundreds of great examplars pointing the way to their followers,—Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie, whose later generosities are among the unmatched in scope and volume.

I am quite sure that the reader will not deem it out of order if I refer to what Mr. Bryce, the distinguished author of "The American Commonwealth," printed twenty years ago on this branch of my topic, and his latest utterance in 1910 on the same. In the chapter on "The Universities," he then said:—"Of all the institutions of the country, they are those which seem to be at this moment making the swiftest progress, and to have the brightest promise for the future." In the new edition of that fully accepted work, issued last year, he not only repeats, without qualification,—giving now two chapters instead of one,—his previous optimistic conclusion, but declares that he can express it now "with even more conviction than he could twenty years ago." I am quite content to take Mr. Bryce's conclusions as satisfactory. His distinguished position as the English Ambassador at Washington has given ways and means of observation unsurpassed in every point of value.

The last available statistics give these massed figures: just above 23,000 professors and teachers; 200,000 students,—65,000 being women!—£6,000,000 income from fees and funds; invested in libraries £1,300,000; which does not count in the donated libraries of which there are more than a score; £5,500,000 invested in apparatus; and £40,000,000 in buildings and plants. They have over £40,000,000 in permanent productive funds, while the annual benefactions made to educational causes have averaged above £12,000,000 during the past decade. About three hundred of these institutions were created by Church organizations,—are managed and supported by them, but are not generally managed on sectarian lines. The sixty odd State institutions of this higher class are supported directly from the tax funds of the State

where located, levied specially for that purpose,—and the tax is paid with pride! In thirty odd institutions *no fees whatever* on tuitional lines are charged, while in all the others scholarships are provided in large number,—which are the prizes of the incoming classes from the High schools and Academies. In a large number of these institutions it is perfectly possible and eminently respectable in every way for a student to pass the nine-months of the school year at the school, at an inclusive cost for tuition, board and housing not exceeding £60,—and that a fully staffed college or university. The professional schools cost more,—and they ought to! Yet those fees seldom exceed £20 for medicine and less than half for other professions. Even the Federal Government steps in and actually pays all its Cadets at West Point and Annapolis,—Army and Navy schools of unsurpassed excellence,—about £120 per year, with free quarters, light, &c., but they pay £5 per month for mess charge. These institutions are Federal, and the cadets are appointed from the States in rota as room offers. Three-fourths of all of this educational development has taken place under my personal observation as an American citizen!

This is our story,—of our seeking the educational way out. It is not perfect,—neither our work nor the system. It is an excellent quality to know one's imperfections. Better yet to be brave enough to apply the known remedy,—we are willing to know the better way of doing things on these lines and to pay the price of it all,—and gladly! We do not pose as a model to any body or to other people! We have our own salvation to provide for,—and we know that we have that to do! Our burdens are our own; we do not want to tax any one else with them; we are young, as age is considered for a people. We have been tremendously busy these decades past; we have not even learned how to rest well; but time, that unsparing inspector, will settle these matters in the usual way. We have "arrived"! We are here!—may have lost some unnecessary luggage on the way,—but here we are,—accepting Lord Kelvin's epigrammatic definition and declaration combined:—"The end of education is two-fold: first, to help man earn a living:—and second, to make his life worth living,—and to be of service to common humanity." And so we shall continue on—and on—and on! Hopefully, prayerfully,—having an abiding faith in the people, their rugged common sense, their honest Democracy, with a sure and steadfast faith in the motto found on our big silver dollars,—"IN GOD WE TRUST!"

Washington's Birthday:
February 22nd, 1911.

THE SECRET HISTORY OF THE CONCERT given at College on the 12th of December, 1910, and of the Events which preceded and followed it.

THINGS at the 'Varsity were stagnant. The students were not working (which was nothing remarkable). The staff were *endeavouring* to work (which again was nothing remarkable). But the whole point of the situation was that the 'Varsity was rapidly hastening towards dissolution, towards the limbo of things forgotten. The reason was that nobody had any money, or rather, to be more precise, those who had it, wouldn't part with it. Moreover, people didn't seem to realise the burning necessity of higher education in the Counties of Hants, Wilts, Dorset, etc., and they utterly refused to admit that the presence of the students in the town was a purifying and refining influence, an influence for good which it would be an awful calamity to lose. Various measures had been taken to endeavour to raise money. Self-sacrificing members of the staff had visited impossible houses on an errand which they knew in their heart of hearts to be hopeless, and many other steps had been taken, but all to the same result. Never before had there been such a revelation of the typical Southampton character. The people exhibited no desire whatever for mental or moral improvement. They poured smiling contempt on all who visited them. They were blinded with their own self-conceit, and sunk beyond recovery in the profundities of their self-sufficiency and smug complacency. They wallowed —— ——. But I wax indignant. Let me leave them with my benediction, and a despairing hope for their ultimate awakening.

Once again the Profs. sat in council together to consider ways and means of raising the wind whereby the College was to be speeded on its way. At last one of them had an original Idea. He reared up under the spur of it. He grasped the table so that it shook with the excess and the violence of his emotion. In the endeavour to express himself he became inarticulate. His face purpled. His eyes bulged and rolled. Strange rumblings rushed out from his internals. Two lady members of the staff fainted, appalled by the sight and sound of this prodigy and horror, and lay stricken and helpless during the next hour, though the flame of life within them still flickered fitfully. And still he was under the stress of his

Idea. His face worked and convulsed itself in a manner terrible to see. He swayed as a man in a high wind. From the *sturm und drang* within him radiated appreciable heat, so that the atmosphere of the room became tropical. The sight of him became an incubus, as a nightmare. And at the last, amid a convulsion and upheaval as of earthquake and eclipse, with obscuration of the heavens and a wailing of the planets, and quakings in the ether of the abyss, he delivered himself amid the throes of progeny-birth, of his Idea. His breast gasped and clamoured for relief, as in a voice weakened and enfeebled by the conflict through which he had passed, he whispered —"We'll we'll have a c-c-concert." His face irradiated in the reaction all the light of heaven, and he sank in a heap in his chair and slept.

* * *

Silence, as of the tomb.

* * *

At last with a wild outburst of cheering, they awoke to the significance of the Idea. Caps were hurled to the ceiling, gowns were waved round heads by excited arms. Staid middle-aged lady lecturers waltzed round the room with still more middle-aged professors. The young men on the staff turned elegant double somersaults in the most graceful and approved style, landing on their feet again with the most perfect precision.

And then came the anti-climax. Like a blast of freezing air came the thought—"but who is to give the concert?" The waltzers ceased. The double somersaults ceased in the midst and the somersaulters landed with sickening thumps on the floor. "But who is to give the concert?" "We can't, most certainly. Beneath our dignity. Out of the question. Oh, absolutely." Many impossible suggestions came forth. Nobody suggested that the *staff* should give the concert. Mind, I don't insinuate that the staff could *not* have given it. I merely remark upon the fact that *they* didn't suggest that they *could*. Personally, I think that it was a great mistake that they did *not* give it. It would have been an immense attraction had they done so. But let us rein in our imagination, or the Sub. Editor will refuse to print this history by reason of its inordinate length.

* * *

And so the Idea was conceived. And now they came to the sordid details. How to carry it out? Goodness only

knew. Obviously, the need of the moment was artistes. And how to procure those? Someone had another idea, though, it not being an epoch-making one, it had not, as concomitants, the world-shaking phenomena and pretenatural manifestations which accompanied the conception and birth of the first. Could they not ask the students? There was a derisive chorus of "No! most emphatically No!" For had not they suffered many times from their lugubrious howlings, resembling in quality and quantity those of amorous felines under the chaste light of the moon? No, students as artistes were out of the question. But eventually they evolved from their combined brains a list of songsters and of songs for them. It was headed by a "*Valse de Concert*" by Marie Wurm, which name, luckily for Marie's peace of mind is pronounced "Vurm," and not "Worm." "Spell it vith a we, Samivel, spell it vith a we" is a piece of advice emanating from the elder Mr. Weller (now alas! defunct), which Marie might lay to her heart. Then came, after the exploitation of the "*Valse de Concert*," a "*Song of Thanksgiving*," which was the most appropriate thing they could have chosen, its title exactly expressing the dominant emotion of the audience after Marie had made her exit. Next came a "*Berceuse*," followed by "*Zweite Tarentella*" (which may mean anything) by a man called Popper (who may be anybody). After that came an "*Elégie*," again the most appropriate things so far as poor Popper was concerned after the audience had heard his "*Zweite Tarentella*." Next came a "*Fantaisie Caprice*," a most sprightly thing, expressing the joy of the audience as they turned their minds to lighter things after the "*Elégie*" on poor Popper. Then, lower down the programme, after a few items having nothing distinctive about them, came a "*Trio in 'A' Minor*," by a man called Raff, obviously a misprint, for which I would venture to suggest as emendations, "Riff-Raff," or perhaps "Raffles" (the amateur cracksman, you remember).

And so, you see, throughout the whole programme, the staff at that memorable meeting displayed the most astounding knowledge of human nature.

And now I come to the events of the night of the 12th of December. We all have a vivid recollection of what took place on that occasion. How Marie's "*Valse*" was received with immense enthusiasm. How, as on a similar occasion at Hamelin in the days of yore, there was a muttering and a grumbling, and the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling, and the rumbling grew to mighty shouts of "Encore!" Yes, we all have sweet memories of that. But the event which

will linger longest in our memories is the reception which was accorded to the "*Elégie*" on Poor Old Popper. The audience rose nobly to the occasion. In fact,

> Not an eye
> Was dry,

as the poets say in the provincial newspapers (and College Magazines). Oh, gentle reader, pardon my digressing, but I cannot forbear calling your attention to that exquisite couplet. Observe the melody of the words and the marvellous and sweet facility of the metre. And what infinite deeps of pathos we find there. Verily, a most affecting image, and evolved white-hot from the brain of a master-poet. Oh, sweet reader, let me, for the pleasure it affords my soul, iterate,

> Not an eye
> Was dry.

There was indeed an audible splashing of tears raining from the galleries on to the floor. Strong men wept. Babies wailed. Mothers groaned. Oh, an affecting and a touching sight, dear reader, an affecting and a touching sight! many there had ne'er wept before. For many years had their hearts been hardened e'en to the consistency of flint. And yet, oh, wonder of wonders! at the very first note of the songster's voice as it shrieked forth in lament for the late Popper, they melted, most butter-like. One wonders what Popper wandering wretchedly *sub manes* thought of it all. But let us turn to brighter things.

Had one been observant that night, one might have noticed many stewards on duty in the various parts of the building. I was of that glorious band, and so have much first-hand knowledge of what went on behind the scenes on that memorable evening. I it was, who carried up the beer to the artistes—pardon me, I should have said of course,

> The blushful Hippocrene,
> With beaded bubbles winking at the brim.

—and found them all huddled together in the Green Room, looking all very uncomfortable and all very incongruous. And oh! how they rushed for that beer—er—pardon me, I mean that blushful, &c. I fear me, ah, I fear me, that those artistes lamentably broke their pledges on that occasion. But even as I entered, cries like the wailings from Sylene smote upon mine ears, and I beheld a sight to blind the gods. There stood one of the songstresses like Andromeda awaiting

Perseus, her skirts upraised showing her beauteous ankles, of divine creation, perfect in form (I'm a connoisseur in ankles), albeit somewhat plump. And there came a voice as from a distressed soul in the seventh abyss—"Oh Sir, I prithee help a maiden in distress. I am here surrounded by agencies which make for my destruction! My soul recoils before the awful risks which I am facing! My death is imminent! I shall soon be in the final agonies! Oh sir, I beseech thee by thy manhood to aid me." And then, with shocking bathos—"Fetch me a carpet, for I've got cold feet." Thereat I rushed adown the stairs, colliding on my way with many whom I knew not, neither cared to know. For ever did that maiden's plaints ring in mine ears and impel me to that impetuous haste, until I met fair-haired Katherine; on whom with many thankful thoughts I cast the burden of my task, and saw that maiden not again.

And then, had you seen the stewards afterwards, that is to say, a choice and limited selection of the stewards, unbending in secret over a choice refection consisting of champagne, port, coffee, ham, cakes, beef, buns, and beer! I regret to have to record also in this history that ladies were present at that scene of sordid dissipation, not *en masse* you understand, but a few personal (*very* personal) friends of ours—she of the fair hair (that eternal lure of men) and the Dutch fancy dress, and several others whose names I cannot mention as being present at that orgy, but whose consciences will prick them when they read this.

And now, now comes that final event which it sears my heart to have to record, an event which breathes upon the fair fame of the man concerned, an event which, with my hand upon my heart and mine eyes cast to the heavens, I hope will never be repeated within the allotted span of that man's years. Your curiosity is roused? I ask that man the pertinent question—"What became of that last bottle of port?" Watch him shrink within himself. Watch his soul writhe. I repeat—"What became of that last bottle of port, for which Old Nick, and (I regret to say), a Professor so anxiously searched and enquired next morning?" I and several other men know where that bottle of port went. We were all drinking. Again and again we quaffed the nectar with heroic tossing of the head, even as did the heroes in the days of old. And at each filling of the bumpers a toast was proposed—"Gentlemen, the King!"—"Gentlemen, to the future welfare of the College!" And ever did the glasses clink in air, the eager faces were upraised, and the divine liquor was tossed off in right royal style. But to come back to that extra bottle of

port. What became of it? It went inside one of us—which one I won't specify. And the result was that one of us was inebriated—which one I won't specify. And on the way to his rooms, the inebriated one evinced an overwhelming desire to kiss and be kissed. He remained utterly unmoved by the evident astonishment of the natives. The one desire of his heart was to kiss his neighbour. I (let me whisper it gently in thine ear, sweet reader), was engaged in the delectable duty of conducting homeward a lady and a coffee-pot, so that I tasted but moderately on that occasion of the joys of the bottle (though I have tasted them immoderately many a time and oft on other occasions). But it was a sight for the gods to see the convivial one in the throes of ecstasy. He was doubtless under the impression that the man against whose unshaven face he was pricking himself, was the lady of his heart. I cannot of course speak with authority on the matter, but that is a theory which, I think, fits all the facts. However that may be, the unshaven one now knows what it is to be clasped to the heart of, and to receive the amorous embraces and kisses of, a vinous one.

* * *

And that, dear reader, is the secret history of the inception of the movement, and of the conception of the idea, and of the consequent emotions and events of the night of the 12th of December, 1910.

PENSÉES.

[Quoted *in extenso* (by permission of his literary executor) from the literary remains of a first year Normal. In these detached meditations (evidently written upon the model of the Pensées of Pascal) we find expounded his whole system of philosophy of life. You will observe the deep thought that moved him. Note the profound truth of his utterances, and particularly observe the poetry and the idiom of his expression. His wordcraft is consummate, and each thought both in expression and in sentiment is a gem of purest ray serene.

Our author had evidently thought deeply on the importunate problems of life in general, and more in particular on problems which are of deep import in a college the *alumni* of which are thrown into such sweet intimacy with one another,—namely,

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the problems inextricably interwoven with the question of the state of conjugal bliss. In this respect he manifestly out—Stevensons Stevenson, the pupil surpasses his master. But now let us with all haste to the *Pensées* themselves.—SUB. ED.]

A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five pound note.—*Stevenson.*

FROM this one gathers that a happy man or woman is rarer and harder to find than a five pound note. No doubt this is true, because, like the good humoured but thriftless priest in *Newcomes* "every one has one's skeleton in the further corner of the cupboard." No one can be perfectly happy in this world, not even a lunatic.

* * *

Sir, there is no such thing as the Whole Truth.—*Stevenson.*

If the whole truth was spoken, there would be a great change in the world.

No person in the universe would wish the whole truth to be revealed, because this would cause a general degradition. (*sic* !!!)

How many of the world's heroes would care to have the true story of their lives known? Not one! The same must be said of all others. Even our Saints would blush if a correct biography of their lives should be published, in fact they would rather barter away their heritage in the next world rather than their fellow men should know the truth.

The saying that "The devil is not so black as he is painted" might also be this "The devil is blacker than he is painted."

People may know that a certain person is a scoundrel, but never suspect that at heart he is a down-right villian (*sic* !!!) So the world goes on, the people not dreaming what a horrible place they are living in, if they did know they would welcome death.

* * *

For marriage is like life in this—that it is a field of battle, and not a bed of roses.—*Stevenson.*

AGAIN Stevenson is only too true, marriage is not only a battle-field in more than one way, but it is also a great disappointment to all concerned.

When people are married they soon discover one another's failings, in fact they go on discovering them until death mercifully parts them.

When people marry they very often think that they will be happy ever after. In stories this is true, but in life marriage is one huge struggle and dissapointment.

Walk through the streets of any town, read any paper. The rich pay for separations and divorces, the poor cannot do this so they try to forget their woes by drowning their minds and brains in drink, only to find themselves in a worse condition afterwards.

[We append a further set of *Pensées* on a widely differing subject. Our second author evidently stands in the vanguard of the army of researchers. *He* had not spent his nights in sad and solemn meditation on the vanity and emptiness of the world. *He* did not long to die, as did our first author. No, rather he lived amid the practicalities of life, as his writings testify. Our author had entirely original ideas regarding the much-vexed question of punctuation, and, as will be seen, he delighted to put his ideas into practice. His concords again strike a quaintly original note, and as for the truth of the *matter* of his writings, to that, as Tacitus said in the days o'erpast, *quisque ex ingenio suo demat vel addat fidem*.—Sub. Ed.]

" There are two terminals to a battery these are called anode and cathode the anode being positive electricity and the cathode negative—That is, the electricity flows from an anode to a cathode. When a liquid is used in electrolysis take for instance dilute sulphuric acid, the liquid breaks up into H_2 and $8o_4$ which are termed ions the ions liberated at the cathode as hydrogen is termed a cation and those liberated ———."

NORTH AND SOUTH.

(Specially written for the Hartley University College Magazine by F. J. C. Hearnshaw, Esq., M.A., LL.D.)

No one who takes the so called "through express" at Southampton West, and emerges ten hours later upon the platform of the Central Station at Newcastle-upon-Tyne can fail to realise that the long train journey through the heart of England has brought him to a very different region from that whence he started, and has introduced him to a very different order of his fellow-countrymen. In place of the luxuriant vegetation, the clear air, the sunny skies and warm breezes of Hampshire, he finds wide-stretching and almost treeless moors, an air laden with the smoke of countless furnaces and factories, and a wind shrewd with a touch of ice. Yet, though it lacks the charm and geniality of the South, it is a region not devoid of a beauty and fascination of its own. It is not a lotus-land, attractive to the easy-going and luxurious, or lavish in gifts to the lazy, but it bears beneath its surface rich treasures for the strenuous, and large rewards for the strong, while the keen winds from the Arctic North quicken like wine the blood of the healthy and the hopeful. The North is harsh and unforgiving to the feeble who fail; but it gives generous aid to the resolute who are determined to succeed. As to the people of the land, the thing which strikes the Southerner first is their pronounced Scotchness. The local dialect is, at least to the ear untuned to detect phonetical subtleties, indistinguishable from Lowland Scotch. The most numerous and vigorous ecclesiastical organisation is that of the Presbyterians whose churches abound in every quarter. The Scottish respect for the Sabbath is evinced by the non delivery of letters on Sunday, and by the infrequency and extreme inconvenience of Sunday trains. One realises in fact, as one talks to the folk at Tyneside that the impress of their provincial character has come down from those remote days when the Northumbrian Kingdom of the Angles extended from the Forth to the Humber, and that this impress was deepened in those later feudal days when the great territorial and semi-independent Bishopric of Durham cut off the Northern County from the currents of the common life of the English nation. Newcastle-upon-Tyne with its cathedral-church and bishopric, with its lord mayor and city council, with its castle commanding the bridge over the river, with its newly established university, has all the characteristics of a provincial metropolis. The great towns and cities of the South are overshadowed by the imminent and overwhelming

magnitude of London. They look to London for supplies; they read the London papers; they reflect the opinions and follow the lead of London. Newcastle does not. London is a long way off. The *Times* does not reach the Central Station till 10.16 a.m., and is not in the hands of its readers much before noon. Long before that, Newcastle opinion has been formed by means of its own two daily papers, the *Chronicle* and the *Journal*, and it is an opinion which in the main is distinctly antagonistic to that of London. The atmosphere of the North is unmistakeably Liberal; Liberal however, not in the modern semi-socialistic sense of the term, but in that older individualistic sense in which it was understood by Joseph Cowen and John Morley.

The vigorous and independent activity of the North of course manifests itself in the sphere of education. There are numerous and well-appointed elementary schools, large and highly-staffed secondary schools for both boys and girls, and above all the fine and splendidly-equipped Armstrong College, a constituent member of the University of Durham, a college which has long had the privilege of granting degrees in science, and to which, by charter of 1908, has now been given the right to confer degrees in arts. Though working in close federal union with the older branch of the University situate at Dublin, it nevertheless fixes its own curricula, holds its own examinations, and grants the Durham degrees to such as it thinks fit. The Armstrong College has succeeded in getting what the Hartley College is now striving to secure, viz., its site and its buildings. Though placed within a few minutes' walk of the heart of the city, it stands facing a large open tract of common, and within a hundred yards of the Town Moor, which comprises nearly 1,000 acres of public land—about three times the size of Southampton Common, though deprived of the Common's forest beauties. The College buildings, put up gradually at intervals during the past forty years, are extraordinarily convenient and commodious. Moreover, further additions are in progress. Owing to a recent donation of £20,000 from one local benefactor, a new Art School wing has just been begun. The generous donor is to lay the foundation stone on April 25th next, and the opening ceremony is expected to take place in the April following. Even with the existing buildings the conditions of work are excellent. Each department has one or more lecture rooms reserved for its exclusive use. Moreover, each professor has in addition a private room of his own, where he can keep his books and papers, where he can work in the intervals between lectures, where he can have the pleasure of tête-à-tête

conversations with students. The whole College is lighted by electricity and warmed by steam-radiators which can be turned on or off, in any particular room, at pleasure. Down in the basement of the College is a refectory run by a firm of local caterers. Tea, coffee and light refreshments can be obtained at all college hours; but the great institution is the "college lunch," an excellent three course meal, which costs exactly one-shilling. There are two rooms in the refectory, one for students, one for staff. It will be realised that this refectory serves a purpose which in Southampton is but very inadequately fulfilled by the "Hartley Tavern."

There is a general air of placid and assured prosperity about the Armstrong College. But all the same it has had its days of storm and stress. It has had to struggle for money, for buildings, for recognition by government, for treasury grants. That it has come safely through all its anxieties may perhaps be regarded as a fact of happy augury by those who so devotedly and earnestly are now striving to establish the prosperity of the Hartley College.

F.J.C.H.

ON EDITORS,—A Fulmination.

* * *

In order to prevent a possible breach of the peace and to preserve for myself a whole skin, let me say at the beginning that the strictures I pass on editors in this article do not apply to the Editor and Sub-Editor of this Magazine. It is a pleasure to be able to say that they are miracles of fairness, and that their powers of discrimination are remarkable, &c., &c.

[Mem. to Literary Aspirants.—It is as well to say this to every editor you come across; it will probably impress him with your power of discernment, and may thus lead to much kudos and even hard cash.]

It has been said that a critic is a man, who, having failed to write well himself, turns to fault-finding as a profession. The Editor is worse than this, because all his fault-finding is done in private and cannot be challenged. Suppose for instance that with much care and infinite pains you have concluded your immortal work on "The Split Infinitive,"—you think, and rightly so, that if your views were adopted the problem of

poverty would be solved, and golf balls would never be lost any more. With childlike faith you send this work to an Editor, suggesting that it may well take the place of Serial Story. What does the wretched individual do? Either he returns your MSS. with that brutal accompaniment, "With the Editor's compliments," or, should he condescend to be more explicit, he wil probably give as the reason of his refusal to accommodate you in his hospitable columns, the fact that your work "excellent as it undoubtedly is, would not interest his readers."

Now what on earth has this to do with it? Your work is admittedly excellent. Then it ought to be published. That is the fact of the case. That it might not interest his readers should not concern the Editor. His duty is to give his readers, not what they want, but what they ought to want. We have now reached the crux of the whole matter. To speak the cold brutal truth, the editor is a soulless man of commerce. He should be classed with the Chicago pork-packers and hawkers. The only difference is that he does not drop his H's, although this will admit of qualification, in many cases. Disabuse your mind of the fact that the editor cares for Literature or Art, and those things that are written with a capital letter. He does not. The only thing he cares for is the money in your pocket, which he wants to get into his own. Do not imagine for a moment that he is a thin soulful-looking individual, who cares more for literature than his ties. He is not. More often he is fat and cheerful, and garbed in an immaculate silk hat and frock coat. He does not spend half the night going into raptures over your latest effusion. He stays in his office and swears at his "devils." He does not sup the Nectar of the Gods, but small Bass. He never stops to consider whether or not your work is really good, but only to consider whether it will pay him to publish it. He has not the interest of literature at heart, but cares more for a villa in the suburbs, cheap champagne, and a motor car. His gods are the small men of puny intellect who have a ha'penny in their pockets, and may be induced to spend it on his paper. He is willing to change his opinions once or twice a day if necessary, in order to conform to popular taste. Nay, we may well ask, Has he any opinions? Once he wrote his "leaders," now he hands them over to other people, and makes two stipulations, the first that they shall not shock or perturb his readers, and the second that they shall be finished in time for the first edition.

The would-be contributor is the most unhappy mortal on earth. Full of a fine idealism, longing to set the world right

which he is sure he could do in about two columns, he is required to study the tastes of a weak degenerate Public. If he does not do this your Editor thinks him a fool, although his ironical politeness may conceal this if you cannot read between the lines. Was there ever such a monstrous tyranny? The Editor is a slave to his readers, and he wants you to be the same! You may argue with him, point out the beauties of your work, but his heart is adamant. He will not discuss the matter with you, and his excuse is that time is precious! What in the name of everything that is modern, does half-an-hour matter, when the publication of your work may affect the destinies of millions? But wait until you do "come out" in a big book, gold edges, broad margins, and big type! Then if a rival Editor whose praise you do not want, and certainly do not get, ventures to criticise you, then listen to the sycophant. I repeat that the whole thing is a monstrous tyranny, rivalling that of Machiavelli's "Prince." And yet we cherish the illusion of Democracy!

There is one other item of this diatribe which I must emphasise. It is this. Why must editors adopt the same stereotyped formula in rejecting an M.S.? "The Editor regrets " It is nauseating. It would be much more human if an editor wrote "Your work is miserable drivel. For goodness sake don't send any more!" No one is deceived by the polite jargon of the usual notice. If he is, then he deserves to be. The frigid politeness of the formal intimation conveys the idea of infinite superiority on the part of the Editor. He is so high and mighty that he can afford to be polite. His fear of wounding your feelings is a piece of hypocrisy. Your feelings are no concern of his, and he knows it quite well. Why then the pretence? And to add insult to injury, this notice is usually printed. You are of no significance whatever. You are simply one of those ciphers in whose existence the Editor finds his "thorn in the flesh." The notice is ready at the office, stacked up in files, long before you put pen to paper If he possibly could, the Editor would send it to you before he receives your communication. You are classed with those people who write frantic letters to the paper on "The Increase of the Cigarette Habit," and "Should Women Darn Socks?" You belong to that vague nebulous class who sign themselves "M.A., Oxon," and "Father of Five." In other words you are one of those persons whose existence is both painful and inevitable. Your M.S. is quietly dropped into the waste paper basket to provide material for lighting pipes and fires, one of those printed slips is dispatched to you, and the creation of your brilliant intellect is as thin air.

Of course I know that popular journalist and authors will not agree with me. They, poor men, are owned by editors, and are forced to be in league with them. But I speak for the Great Rejected, those to whom "Declined with Thanks" has become a horrible nightmare. And shall they remain unheard? Not while I have breath in my body and ink in my fountain pen.

It is clear that something must be done. The interest of the nation demands it. We might form a Society for the Suppression of Senseless Editors. But my plan is more drastic. Let us collect together all the Editors (except an approved few), make them listen to our opinion of them, and then throw them into the Thames. Then a new body of Editors might be appointed with myself at their head.

SONG OF YE MATHS. STUDENT.

Tune—"I had a Wheel-barrow."

♦ ♦ ♦

There was a Professor in London did dwell,
His name was Barrell, and we know him quite well,
He wrote a big treatise on angles and lines,
With chapters on spheres and surveying and sines.

Chorus—

Sing Tangent, Cotangent, Cosecant, Cosine.

(*Four times*).

Prof. Loney from cones cut by planes that passed thro',
Made all sorts of figures that ever he knew,
Some round like an apple, some shaped just like eggs,
Some rounded like sand hills, some pointed like pegs.

Chorus—

Sing Origin, Focus, Directrix and Curve.

(*Quater*).

Friends Hall and Knight added the third of the three,
An algebra hard as the hardest could be,
With theorems difficult, problems like steel,
Intended of course for the students' good weal.

Chorus—

Sing Hall and Knight, Loney and Minchin and Smith.

(*Quater*).

Another Professor there also remains,
Old Minchen the marvel—who racks our poor brains,
With subtle examples and bookwork profound,
Till ev'rything seems to be spinning around.

Chorus—

Sing moment and pulley, inclined plane and ρ.
(*Quater*).

Now once in Southampton a student did dwell,
He came to the Coll., and we all liked him well,
He drank some cold conics supposing 'twas wine,
And screeched as he died, "I am choked by a sine."

Chorus—

Sing tangent, cotangent, cosecant, cosine.
(*Quater*).

Beware then of sines, now my classmates, I pray,
Or off at a tangent you'll go, I may say,
And then by plain sailing your port will be made,
In a harbour of rest by no mortal surveyed.

Chorus—

Sing tangent, cotangent, cosecant, cosine.
(*Quarter*).

H. W. JEANS.

LIFE AT GIRTON COLLEGE.

♦ ♦ ♦

[A quaint account, written by Miss Elsie M. Payne, a student of this College during the session 1909—10. Miss Payne had a brilliant career here and is continuing it at Girton. For, since she left us, she gained a first class in the Cambridge Higher Local, and a first classs in Latin and Greek, in the previous examination and also at the same examination a pass in Logic, for which subject no Honours classes are awarded. At present she is reading in the Final Honours School of Modern Languages. The scholarship with which she went up, was the organ scholarship presented by Mr. Sedley Taylor, of the value of £50 per annum, tenable for three years. Her duties as Organ Scholar are to play the organ at the musical services in the College chapel during the three University Full Terms, and to train the choir, and she may also be called upon to accompany the College Musical Society on the organ or pianoforte. We are justified in predicting Miss Payne's attainment of the highest success, and offer her therefore in advance, our heartiest congratulations—SUB.-ED.]

THIS subject seems to me to be no easy one to write on, for life at Girton College is so many-sided that one could easily fill a few volumes when writing about it. I suppose the first thing to do is to describe the college itself. It is about two and a half miles away from the town, and stands in its own grounds. These grounds boast many charms, of which perhaps the greatest are a long walk shaded by trees, known as "Woodlands," and a lake, occupied by two swans named "John and Emma." There are a large number of playing fields and courts for hockey, cricket and tennis. The ash courts for tennis are quite the most exciting, for out of them were dug up a number of urns full of bones, and the courts are now haunted on dark nights by Anglo-Saxon ghosts. The so-called "public rooms" of the College are the Hall, in which we all have our meals together, the Chapel, the Stanley Library (for History, Moral Sciences and Natural Sciences), the new Library (for Modern Languages, Mathematics and Classics), and the Reading Room. There are about one hundred and seventy students now at college and we are each given two rooms, namely, a bedroom and a study. Beside the students there are about twenty "dons," or resident lady lecturers who give us our coachings out at College. Nearly every student attends a large number of lectures at the different colleges in Cambridge. For instance, I have lectures at Caius College and at Trinity. Life at Girton is very free. We get up when we like, go to bed when we like, have our meals practically when we like. In short, we have a very good time.

Now that I have given a very small account of Girton and its life, perhaps the best plan would be to describe a typical

day. Every morning there are prayers in Chapel at 7.55, at which I have to play two voluntaries and a hymn. All those who are energetic enough to be up and dressed by five minutes to eight come to these prayers, which are taken by Miss Jones, the mistress of the College. Then comes breakfast, which we can have at any time between 8 o'clock and 9.30. If we have lectures in town at 9 o'clock we have to hurry over breakfast to be ready to start from College at half past eight. The College provides cabs or taxis to take us to and from our lectures. The cabs are proverbially slow and because they crawl into town one after the other in a long, solemn line the undergraduates call them "the funeral procession." The morning is generally passed in lectures or work and then comes lunch, any time from 12 o'clock till a quarter to two. The afternoon we spend in games, walking, work or lectures, tea being from 3.30 until a quarter to five. Dinner is at 7 o'clock, which we must all have at the same time. I should think nearly every one in the College spends the interval between tea and dinner in a different way. After dinner come debates and convivialities of all sorts, with work of course as an alternative. The lights are put out in the corridors at ten o'clock and the libraries are locked, so that if we want to work after that we must do it in our own rooms, and if we want to walk about College we have to do so by candle-light.

When a large number of students live together, as is the case here, what we call "silence hours" are a great boon. During these hours none may sing, play any sort of instrument or make any disturbing noise. After half past ten at night there are silence hours until the next morning. If any one makes a disturbance in silence hours they are promptly "jumped," which process I will leave to the reader's imagination. Sundays at Girton are rather different from the other days of the week. To begin with, prayers are at half past eight, but only a few people come, as a large number get up just in time for lunch, having overslept, whether purposely or accidentally, in a vain endeavour to get over the dissipations of Saturday night. Most of those who do manage to get up in time for breakfast go to the service at King's College Chapel in the morning. Our own big service is at eight o'clock on Sunday evening, and is taken by the chaplain of King's College. The College provides no tea on Sundays, so we have it in our own rooms. It is not an unknown thing to have twelve meals during the course of the afternoon. First there is lunch, then coffees in friends' rooms till about half past three, and then teas until shortly before dinner. Of course each meal is very small! The jips (maids) say of us on

Sundays, "They eats and eats and eats with intervals for meals"–in fact many of us need no dinner on Sunday evening. But now to turn to a more serious subject—work. The standard of work required of us is very high, both in quantity and quality, and during my first term I found it a very hard struggle to keep up at all with what was expected of me. In my college experience so far I have not found any of the Cambridge Professors or Lecturers who are in any way better than those under whom I was at Hartley, nor do any of them take more pains to make their subject attractive. I often tremble to think what would have become of me up here if it had not been for the year's careful and patient teaching which I received at Hartley. I feel that I have a thorough background of knowledge and work to go upon, and I always do, and always shall, look back with gratitude and affection to the "old Coll."

HARTLEY BISCUITS.



For saying :—

In the report of the Principal's speech at Bournemouth :—"For the women students a *hospital* has been provided where those may live who do not reside in the town,"

The "Southampton Daily Echo" of January 16th, takes the biscuit.

For advertising :—

That a lecture on "The American Civil War" would be illustrated by *Time Light Views*, and would be given on *Februvary 8th, 1191.*

The Southampton Society of Old Hartleyans takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

Qu'une chanson de geste est une chanson *accompagnée de gestes*,

Miss Knapp takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

"Light should come from the *left*, not the *right*. From the *left* is the *right* direction,"

Miss Tucker takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

During the course of an experiment in the Chemical Laboratory, "What bead is it that *breaks up when you smash it*"?

Mr. Noble takes the biscuit.

For sending out a Third Footer XI. to play a team which had disbanded three months previously,

Mr. Meyer takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

"Why don't men wear *monocles in both eyes?*"

A certain lady student whose name we dare not mention for fear of consequences, takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

"Don't forget to put *mencil parks* on your books,"

Mr. Leake takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

That a certain lady "has an iron *institution*,"

Miss Evamy takes the biscuit.

For saying :—

In a notice, that an examination in music would be held on March 12th, (*which is a Sunday*),

Mr. Leake takes an additional biscuit.



ENGINEERING PAGE.

THE Editor having very kindly given a page for the narration of the doings of the College Lambs, and having assigned to me the task of that narration, I will endeavour to make it interesting.

We are pleased to note that our respected Professor has received some hard earned praise for his very able research on the flow of water in curved pipes, in which he has shewn that the flow is such that unless discovered by experiment would never have been foretold by a theorist. During the exhibition after the speeches on speech night, those tubes with the coloured streams of liquid flowing through were a source of wonder to a large number of people, scientific and also absolutely non-scientific.

We are pleased to see that the Senior Engineers do sometimes arrive on the Common for surveying last. It sets such a good example to the Juniors, and teaches them to say "Sorry I'm late sir."

This also applies to the Mathematics class where punctures and lost cars are just the exception, not the rule.

I commend to all those Juniors who desire to do research work to do it on the ventilator in No. 30. The Seniors have done a little, but not in the right spirit, and I am sure that a careful study of that same ventilator would reveal the peculiar if not unprecedented discovery of a strata of chalk with perhaps a fault in it, like Benjamin's Coat or the Tennis Blazer.

It is also interesting to note that the chain broke at the first time of asking, but the tape did not.

"ENGINEERING."

UNTHINKABLES.

IF Miss Newport *were* a "beautiful twinkling star."

IF the bun-boy were to have a wash.

IF Mr. Meyer were to bring the minute-book regularly.

SAYINGS APROPOS.

"The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose"—"Merchant of Venice."

"The art of quotation requires more delicacy in the practice than those conceive who see nothing more in a quotation than an extract"—*Isaac Disraeli, "Curiosities of Literature."*

* * *

POOR STUDENTS! ALAS HOW TRUE!

"The studious class are their own victims; they are thin and pale, their feet are cold, their heads are hot, the night is without sleep, the day without interruption,—pallor, squalor, hunger and egotism. If you come near them and see what conceits they entertain—they are abstractionists, and spend their days and nights in dreaming some dream; in expecting the homage of society to some precious scheme built on a truth, but destitute of proportion in its presentment, of justness in its application, and of all energy of will in the schemer to embody and vitalize it."

Emerson—"Montaigne."

THE FAINTING FIT.

"Tully's curule chair."
Mark Akenside—"Ode on Sermon against Glory."

"The fit's upon me now!
Come quickly, gentle lady:
The fit's upon me now."

Beaumont and Fletcher—"Wit without Money."

"And touched by her fair tendance, gladlier grew."

Milton—"Paradise Lost."

MR. PHILLIPS'S BRANDY.

"Extreme remedies are very appropriate for extreme diseases."

Hippocrates Aphorism I,

THE HERO.

"He had a head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief."

Ed. Hyde Clarendon—"History."

THE ARCH BISHOP TO HIS AFFINITY.

"I would I were thy bird."

"*Romeo and Juliet.*"

THE PARTING IN THE CORRIDOR ON SOIRÉE NIGHTS, ETC.

"Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be morrow."

Ibid.

SAD FAREWELLS ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOONS AT REGENT'S PARK.

Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My dear?
Jul, What o'clock to-morrow shall I send for thee?
Rom. By the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there
Remembering how I love thy company
(*and so on—ad infinitum*).

Ibid

PADEREWSKI IN FANCY DRESS.

Fayre fannand fax vmbe-foldes his schulderes—"Syr Gawayn and the Grene Kny3t."

THE CAMBRIAN-POMPEY TWAIN.

"So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted."

"*Midsummmer Night's Dream.*"

THE MAGAZINE SECRETARY.

"A man I am crossed with adversity."

"*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*"

THE PRESIDENT OF THE W.R.C.

"Beware of her fair hair for she excels
All women in the magic of her locks;
And when she winds them round a young man's neck,
She will not set him free again."

Goethe (*Shelley*).

THE ISLE OF WIGHT CALF.

"Not Hercules
Could have knocked out his brains for he had none."

"*Cymbeline.*"

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Lawn Tennis
Golf
Croquet
AND ALL
Outdoor Games.

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The 'Sports Depot'
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A CERTAIN POMPEYITE AT HIGHFIELD CHURCH.

"As some to Church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the———there."

Pope "Essay on Criticism."

SAGE ADVICE TO THE JUNIOR NORMALS ON BEGINNING SCHOOL PRAC.

"Oh ye! who teach the ingenious youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany or Spain.
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,
It mends their morals—never mind the pain."

Byron—"Don Juan."

MR. L—KE.

"His very foot has music in 't
As he comes up the stairs."

Mickle—"Mariner's Wife."

MEN'S COMMON ROOM, RULE 4 ("No rough-house allowed.")

"But to my mind—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a custom
More honour'd in the breach than the observance."

"Hamlet."

MYSTERIOUS SOUNDS PROCEEDING FROM BENEATH THE FLOOR DURING A LECTURE IN ROOM 26.

"Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound."

Spenser—"Fairy Queen."

WHAT ABOUT THE REST OF THE FOOTBALL XI.?

"I never heard the old song of *Percy and Douglas*, that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet."

Sir P. Sidney—"Defence of Poesy."

MR. D—N—SS.

"We'll have a swashing and a martial outside."

"As You Like It."

CHORAL PRACTICE.

"My lungs began to crow like chanticleer."

Ibid.

MR. P—GH.

"The Ariosto of the North."

Byron—"Child Harold."

Mr. R. Evans.

"Softly (his) fingers wander o'er
The yielding planks of the ivory floor."

Benjamin Taylor—"*Songs.*"

Joe G—ng.

"With odorous oil thy head and hair are sleek;
And then thou kemb'st the tuzzes on thy cheek:
Of thy barbers take a costly care."

Dryden—"*Satires.*"

A little Advice to the Ladies.

"Women have many faults, but of the many this is the greatest, that they please themselves too much, and give too little attention to pleasing the men."

Plautus.

Mr. Fo—te.

"Night after night,
He sat and bleared his eyes with books."

Longfellow—"*Golden Legend.*"

School Practice.

"That execrable sum of all villanies."

John Wesley's "*Journal.*"

Barrell, Thring, etc.

"Books you may carry to the fire."

Hawkins—"*Johnsoniana.*'

A deserted Coll. Girl at Soirées.

"Where none admire, 'tis useless to excel;
Where none are beaux, 'tis vain to be a belle,"

Lord Lyttleton—"*Soliloquy.*"

The Poster Artist.

"Where *Young* must torture his invention
To flatter knaves or lose his pension."

Swift—"*Rhapsody.*"

Mr. Cr—sh—w.

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print."

Byron—"*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.*"

Bevois Mount.

"A bevy of fair women."

Paradise Lost.

"MUSH."

"I must away to the barber's, for, methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face."

"*Midsummer Night's Dream.*"

MR. LANDON ON THE TOUCHLINE.

"Thy voice
is a celestial melody." *Longfellow*—"*Masque of Pandora.*"
"I know how to curse." "*Tempest.*"

SCI. SOC. TEAS.

"Tea! thou soft, thou sober, sage and venerable liquid; * * * thou female-tongue-running, smile-smoothing, heart-opening, wink tippling cordial, to whose glorious insipidity I owe the happiest moments of my life, let me fall prostrate."

Cibber—"*Lady's Last Stake.*"

KITTY AND OTHERS IN FANCY DRESS.

"What are these
So wither'd and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants of th' earth
And yet are on't?"

"*Macbeth,*" *Shakespeare.*

MR. BOWEN.

"A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage."

Shakespeare.

"A little round, fat, oily man."

"*Castle of Indolence.*"

CHORAL.

"Be not afraid, the isle is full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not."

"*The Tempest,*" *Shakespeare*

AVENUE, 4 P.M.

"It is pleasing to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground (*especially if that background be pink*). Judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye."

Bacon.

AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS—Continued.

♦ ♦ ♦

The *Place de la Concorde* is situated in the centre of what is undoubtedly the most attractive and beautiful quarter of Paris; and, considering the reputation which this city possesses for its beauty, this statement alone should serve to indicate what pleasing combinations of nature and art are here to be met with by the visitor. As before said, it is reached on the one side by the superb and widely renowned *Avenue des Champs Elysées*, perhaps the most beautiful avenue in Paris, and certainly the most popular among the "*élite*." Commencing at the grand *Arc de Triomphe*, this magnificent avenue extends to the *Place de la Concorde*, and consists of a wide and splendidly constructed road bordered on either side by broad promenades, each of which is almost as wide as the road itself, and completely overshadowed by magnificent trees, with an occasional kiosque here and there at which the visitors can purchase the journals and periodicals issued from all the large countries of Europe. The general appearance of these promenades is improved by numerous fountains and flower beds; while the whole avenue is bordered on either side by magnificent fashionable *Hôtels* and *Cafés*, at which, needless to say, only millionaires and people of means can afford to sojourn. On the other side of the *Place de la Concorde* are the beautiful gardens of the Tuileries, adjoining the site of the former Palace of the Tuileries. This building was begun in 1566 by Catherine de Medicis, and was subsequently greatly enlarged by successive monarchs until it formed a structure nearly a quarter of a mile in length, running at right angles to the Seine. Later it was connected with the Louvre by a great picture gallery, and between the two palaces lay the *Place du Carrousel*, at which the Gardens of the Tuileries now terminate, and which is probably the most picturesque square in Paris. The Tuileries continued to be occupied as the residence of the imperial family until destroyed by the Commune, while the Louvre proper formed a series of great galleries filled with pictures, sculptures, and collections of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities. The attractiveness of the *Place du Carrousel* is now greatly enhanced by the presence of an elegant little *Arc de Triomphe* which has since been erected in its centre, directly facing the great *Arc de Triomphe* and separated from it by the *Avenue des Champs Elysées*, the *Place de la Concorde*, and the Gardens of the Tuileries.

The reader will probably have already noticed, from their frequent mention, that Triumphal Arches are a feature of the architecture of Paris. *The Porte St. Martin* and the *Porte St. Denis* have already been mentioned in this connection; but these, although interesting from their historic connections, and by no means unattractive in appearance, are greatly surpassed in beauty and excellence of design by those we have just mentioned. Of these the *Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile*, which terminates the *Avenue des Champs Elysées*, is by far the larger; and, in fact, it is probably the largest truimphal arch in the world. Its erection was begun in 1806 by Napoleon I., after the Battle of Austerlitz, and its construction lasted till 1836, the cost being approximately £400,000 or more. It is 150 feet high, 135 feet broad and 69 feet deep, and is splendidly decorated and profusely adorned with bas-reliefs and alto-reliefs, consisting of allegorical statues by the most eminent sculptors of the time. It records, in addition, the names of all the principal victories of Napoleon, and of the 386 generals who took part in the battles of the revolution and of the first empire.

The *Arc de Triomphe du Carrousel* is far smaller, yet perhaps it is even more elegant, more striking, more "*gentil*" (to use a French term which has no exact equivalent in English) than the more stately and imposing *Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile*. This latter owes its name to the great avenues, fourteen in number, which radiate in all directions from it, and which were among the most magnificent of those constructed by Napoleon III. These give it the fanciful appearance of the centre of a star, and hence its name (French *étoile*—star).

The district we have just described is bordered on the one side by the Seine, which in its passage through Paris is spanned by twenty-eight bridges, all of which communicate directly with spacious quays planted with trees which line both banks of the river. On the other side it is bounded by the *Rue de Rivoli*, a succession of arcades nearly two miles in length, enclosing innumerable shops, at which visitors can purchase the souvenirs, curios, post cards, etc., which are so much in demand. Thus the reader can form some conception of the beauty, the charm and the attractiveness of this quarter of Paris, which is the one most frequented by visitors on account of the variety of interests which it presents. There are indeed other "*Places*" also very interesting to the visitor, such as the *Place Vendôme*, with Napoleon's Column of Victory, the *Place Royale* and the *Place de l'Hôtel de Ville*, but space will not permit more than the bare mention of these.

Another feature of the architecture of Paris, and a source of great interest to visitors, are the beautiful Churches for which

this city is justly celebrated. These are numerous, and fully repay the visitor for the trouble of their inspection. They are open daily for the inspection of the public at any time of the day except during the hours of service. The grandest and most interesting of these is unquestionably the renowned Cathedral of Notre Dame, which stands on a site successively occupied by a pagan temple, and a Christian basilica of the Merovingian time. The main part of the present building, which was begun in the twelfth century, is 400 feet in length, 150 feet wide and 110 feet high. The height of its two towers is 218 feet, while that of the "*flèche*" is 300 feet. It has been said that, could its pillars speak, Notre Dame might tell the whole history of France. The church as it stands at present is one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture in Europe; although in this respect it is surpassed by the small *Sainte Chapelle*, a few hundred yards distant, probably the finest existing masterpiece of Gothic art. In the interior of Notre Dame may be seen the ancient jewels and treasures of these two churches, which are extremely interesting, especially to the historian. Many of them were given by Napoleon I., on the occasion of his Coronation, while some date from the thirteenth century. Among other churches must be mentioned *St. Germain-des-Prés*, the oldest church in Paris which was completed in 1163; *St. Etienne-du-Mont*, a very old church with an extremely beautiful interior and especially renowned as containing the shrine of Saint Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris; and *St. Germain l'Auxerrois*, noted for its fine decorations and interesting as containing the bell which gave the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in 1572. In addition there is the large church of St. Eustache, which is minus one of its two towers and St. Sulpice with its two odd towers.

While speaking of churches mention must also be made of the *Panthéon*, a superb structure situated on the ancient mountain of Saint Genevieve, and one of the largest buildings of Paris. It was constructed in 1764 by the celebrated architect Soufflot (whose tomb is contained in its vaults), and was at first designed as a church. However, at the Revolution it was converted into a temple destined to receive the ashes of the great men of France, and received the name of Panthéon (in ancient times a temple dedicated to all the gods), and the inscription on its *façade*: "*Aux grands hommes la Patrie reconnaissante.*" It was subsequently in succession a church under the Restoration, a Temple of Glory under Louis Philippe, and again church under the Second Empire. The third Republic restored the Panthéon to the worship of eminent men, on the occasion of the national obsequies of

Victor Hugo; and it has since remained in this capacity, as a kind of vallhalla, containing among others the tombs of Voltaire, Rousseau, Victor Hugo, and Carnot. The inner walls of the building are splendidly adorned with large paintings depicting important events, from the earliest times, in the history of France; such as, for example, that of St. Genevieve watching over Paris by night, Joan of Arc at the stake, etc.

Another magnificent building of a similar nature, and, in fact, of somewhat similar style, is the *Hôtel des Invalides*, which was founded in 1670 for disabled soldiers. At present it consists of a *Musée de l'Armée*, exhibiting the various weapons, uniforms, etc., which have been worn in the French army at different times, and a magnificent temple, directly under the gilded dome of which are interred the remains of Napoleon. These were deposited there in 1840, according to the wish he had expressed in his last hours, and which is inscribed over the entrance to his sepulchre: "*Je désire que mes cendres restent aux bords de la Seine, parmi le peuple que j'ai tant aimé.*" The elegant chapel behind the tomb is hung with the countless flags and ensigns captured by Napoleon during his long, triumphant career as a general.

(*To be continued.*)

SOUVENIR.

♦ ♦ ♦

(A sweet little poem is reprinted by the courtesy of Miss Edna Smallwood, B.A,, editor of the "Lodestone," the magazine of the Students' Union of Birkbeck College, University of London.—Sub. Ed.)

Doux sons des heureux temps qui m'avaient enchanté!
Souvenir d'un passé à jamais regretté!
Que de choses toujours belles
Tu nous rappelles
Douce voix maternelle!

A toi l'on exprimait ses tout jeunes désirs,
A ta voix se mouraient les premiers déplaisirs.
Que de choses toujours belles
Tu nous rappelles
Douce voix maternelle!

C'est bien ta douce voix que le plus gentiment
Eveillait en nos cœurs un tendre sentiment.
Que de choses toujours belles
Tu nous rappelles
Douce voix maternelle!

Quand viennent les années, au temps des longs adieux,
Tu chantes dans nos cœurs: nos rêves sont des cieux.
Que de choses toujours belles
Tu nous rappelles
Douce voix maternelle!

Ecoutez, chers petits, comme à nous autrefois,
Maman veut vous apprendre, aux accords de sá voix,
Comment chanter la vive fantaisie,
De notre vieille poésie,
Pour l'avenir,
En souvenir. V. E. KASTNER.

TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION.

* * *

Will Kelly communicate at once with his inconsolable relatives of the M. C. R.

—

The gentleman, who favoured the pink, is requested to appear at the next social function "sans bottes."

—

News wanted of Mary Smith. Last seen on the night of February 2nd, said to have been at the Dell on February 8th. Her heartbroken Winchester friend enquires.

—

For sale, cheap, in good condition a few odd "moreovers." Apply during lectures. Room 20.

—

For sale an *adora*ble blouse of a *cur*ious shade of pink. Apply early and avoid the crush. W. C. R.

—

The second eleven are advised to feed their "fouls" on Spratt's Food.

—

Wanted, a young man pugilistically inclined, to box women students' ears. Apply Mondays 9.45 - 10.30 a.m. Room 29.



THAT a certain lady lecturer thinks it necessary to submit *prayer books* to her class for their inspection.

THAT the difficulties in the way of efficiently lighting schools are many and *obvious*.

THAT Joe therefore thinks he will go to a blind school.

THAT no filter under the sun, according to Mr. El-t-n's learned friend, should be used more than 24 hours without cleansing.

THAT again Joe came to the rescue, suggesting that the one in question should be kept in the shade.

THAT we wonder how Mr. B-n-tto obtained so intimate a knowledge of the *Girls'* Secondary School, Croydon.

THAT the latest cry of the butchers in St. Mary Street is "Prime beef and mutton from Oxford, Cambridge and *Hartley*."

THAT some teachers certainly *do* leave their *mark* upon us.

THAT this was *not* said in discussing the pros and cons of corporal punishment.

THAT a dog's bark is not a "serviceable habit." We might add that his *bite* is still less so.

THAT Mr. Child has been encouraged by Joe's song, and intends "cutting a shine" in his old *subucula rubens* or red waist-coat.

THAT "Maths. take us into a world of pure reason; it is good to be there."

THAT some of us would beg to differ.

THAT we have heard that this *Kite* is a high *flier* at Preston, especially in the parks and other open spaces.

That, proud in the acquisition of their medals, the Football Team nearly woke the baby at Eastleigh.

THAT the spectacle of the Referee striking a match to see the result of tossing the coin must have been unique.

THAT the mysterious "disappearing trick" from the back row in Room 26 was a source of much amusement.

THAT while the strange sounds issuing from beneath the floor remained unaccounted for during three lectures, the sudden disappearance from view of the burly Jerry aroused suspicion.

THAT the secret was thereby disclosed; but that nevertheless Jerry refused to respond to the beseeching entreaty of his prof., and to emerge from his lair.

THAT Jerry took the more congenial alternative of a holiday, and that hence the apology is still owing.

—

THAT the *enterprise of the Southerners* would have been plainly revealed by a glance at the back of the hall.

—

THAT a certain lady student objects to being made a Zena Dare of, by having a photo of her in fancy dress bartered about the College.

—

THAT Mr. Wilkes does not attend First Year History Lectures. *Watt* does *Mr. Winkle* say?

—

THAT certain students who attended the combined practice were not soft enough. But we would beg leave to remark that Hartley is *not* an institution for the mentally deficient.

—

THAT the sopranos were not heavy enough. Why not carry ballast?

—

THAT the Physical Drill Class is not a show. What is it then?

—

THAT Miss Trussler is an authority on oranges.

—

THAT the St. David's Day enthusiasm was not appreciated.

—

THAT a certain English poet committed suicide three or four times.

—

THAT the Resurrection is at 7.30 p.m.

—

THAT it is the fault of the Licensing Bill that man has no "post."

THAT Mr. Fr - m - n's "*On Dit*" was not worthy of publication. (A case of the biter being bitten.)

THAT Mr. Beckett cannot be expected to know the names of *every* kind of caterpillar.

THAT *automaton* is certainly an unusual name to give to such a creature.

THAT we wonder what the "unsophisticated boy walking down the Strand" held in his hand.

THAT we are *not* surprised to hear Mr. Jones (Pompey) knows so much about the Floating Bridge.

THAT the correct thing to say when asked if one is engaged for a dance is "No, dear!" Ask Pussy.



THE DOLOROUS COMPLAINT OF THE STONY-BROKE STUDENT REGARDING HIS LANDLADY, MRS JONES.

* * *

O listen! listen! students gay,
O listen to my doleful moans,
The while I tell, in saddest lay,
The dreadful deeds of Mrs. Jones.

Six weeks ago she took me in,
My room was very small and stuffy;
My bed was hard, my blankets thin,
The maid, Matilda Maud, was huffy.

The cheese could walk, the bread was dough,
The steak was always hard and dry,
My coal supply was always low,
My weekly bill was always high.

This week, with many a bitter pang,
I found that I was stony-broke;
And so for Mrs. Jones I rang,
And thus to Mrs. Jones I spoke.

"I suffer from a lack of oof—
Your last week's bill was rather thick;
Beneath your hospitable roof
The rest of term I'll live on tick."

I sweetly smiled, my tone was light,
But soon my heart began to sink;
For Mrs. Jones was not polite—
She answered that she didn't think.

"A spendthrift," and "a drunken scamp,"
With epithets in b—— and d——,
"I'd live on her and then decamp"—
Were part of what she said to me.

Her face was red, she smelt of rum;
I went to bed with heavy heart;
Broken my sleep, my dreams were glum,
Till I awoke with sudden start.

'Twas early morn and Mrs. Jones:
A loaf of bread, a jug of water,
Two bare and almost beefless bones,
Were carried by her youngest daughter.

"Young man," she said, "I've sent my bill
Away to your mamma at home;
And till the money comes, you will
Not stir out of this blessed room."

She closed the door, she turned the key;
And here I lie in doleful mood,
And curse my luck and landlady,
And my enforcéd solitude.

ENVOI.

(*To be read by men students only.*)

Remains her blackest deed of all,
Which gives me hopelessly the hump;
Athough 'tis but a ten feet fall,
I cannot from my window jump.

Oh! Satan her from Hades hoofed:
She is the worst of measly growsers.
I say no more:—She has removed
My solitary pair of trousers!

"REPORTS."

The Students' Millenium, by Cannon Minor.

* * * *

Most reports are one-sided, even in the case of a gun report. The recipient of the discharge usually partakes of a generous share in the transaction.

Tutors' reports are the *limit*, representing the policy of "all give and no take," and therefore stand morally condemed at the outset. The spirit of reciprocity should certainly be fostered in this respect, and not only might students be allowed to draft their own reports, but should be encouraged to express their opinions of the Tutors, bringing to light virtues (in the aforesaid tutors) hitherto unsuspected.

The intelligent (?) reader will of course understand that modesty, in all cases, would forbid the sacrificing of honesty at the altar of exuberance and self-praise.

In support of this contention the author (in his dreams) ventures to put his theory to the test, and the following somnoporofic specimen-results exhibit the glorious possibilities of such a system.

SELF-REPORTS.

PERPETRATOR—Mr. Coming.

Marks obtained.—See Form IV. forwarded to Miss Marie Lloyd George.

Remarks.—A previous engagement prevented me from attending the examination, but a subsequent perusal of the frivolous questions convince me that my time was otherwise better spent. At the next meeting of the Students' Senate I intend proposing that the Lecturer be severely reprimanded and reduced to the rank of Professor (to hold the Wild Woodbine Chair). A broth of a boy. Otherwise I am simply spiffing. Nuff-sed.

PERPETRATOR—Mr. Right Back.

Marks obtained.—Two, four, eight, a pair for his nob!!!!

Student's Remarks.—I fail to see what right Jerry has got persistently to trump my ace. Moreover, I venture to remark

Author's Note.—This student seems to have mistaken the idea for a game of crib; but, of course, will soon catch the drift and rapidly improve.

Coming to the second suggestion contained in this illuminating article (It certainly would make a good bonfire.—Editor), we will now turn to the reports on Tutors.

Mr. Pen-Denness' Report on Prof.

A thoroughly unsatisfactory professor in every respect, having the audacity to expect such questionable virtues as punctuality and tidiness. I have serious thoughts of telling his mamma. His treatise on "Tauto-synchronous Vibrations" has not reached the students' expectations. The caretaker (Dr. Nikola) has applied a portion of the above thesis to mend the Common Room windows, but has found it of no avail.

Private Left Back's Peroration of Colour (Blind!) Sergeant Stevens.

Has a good barrow-tone voice; is reported to have saved the guns at the battle of somewhere or other. Kind and sympathetic; always ready for active service, going so far as to sleep in his spurs. Strongly recommended for the Order of the Bath.

The Editor has refused to print other of the Author's specimen returns, holding that even the truth is *sometimes* annoying; but in face of the above who shall question the utility of such an innovation?

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CORRESPONDENCE.

"Let me hear from thee by letter."

"Two Gentlemen of Verona."

Should the Students wear Gowns?



DEAR MR. EDITOR.

Having read with great relish the proposals of your late correspondent on behalf of the Pro.-Coll.-Cap-for-the-Staff party, I have been encouraged to express my thoughts upon this matter, and upon a subject which is, in my opinion, closely pertinent thereto. There is no doubt that, in view of the powerful and overwhelming arguments put forward by *Ridiculus* in such an interesting and picturesque manner, the majority of your readers will, like myself, have been compelled to recognise the loss they have sustained, and the unutterable joy they have missed, through the neglect of our predecessors in bringing about this most necessary reform; a neglect, I may say, which can in no way be accounted for, since the justice of the proposal is so patent, its accomplishment so absurdly simple, and the result so inevitably conducive to the universal happiness of the students in particular, and the townsfolk in general.

Perhaps I may be permitted to add yet a further argument to prove the necessity of this reform, before leaving the subject. This argument forced itself upon me while observing that the Governors of the College seem to have recognised the imminent prospect of this suggestion being carried into execution in the selection of the penultimate member of the College staff. They must have realised that the joy that has been lost to a future generation of Hartley students through the untimely departure of the *Pickwickian Dr.* 1066, must needs be compensated for if the reputation of the College is not to suffer. Their task, we admit, was a difficult one; but they have undoubtedly emerged triumphant; and they can now promise the aforesaid future generation of Hartleyites such a spectacle of a History Prof. in a Coll. cap as shall exceed in its joyous aspect even the picture so realistically presented by *Ridiculus*. For, however blessed a sight it might have been to witness the aforesaid *Pickwickian* 1066 parading in a Coll. cap, such a spectacle would be utterly eclipsed by the soul-stirring picture of our respected *Barty* crowned with the renowned College "*coiffure*." It would be a phenomen in itself. Words fail me when I conjure up the vision of that entrancing picture. No one can deny that Nature seems to have fashioned this member of the lecturing profession expressly and solely for the purpose of demonstrating to mankind what happiness awaits them if they will but ransack their ingenuity to suggest, and employ their abilities to carry out, such reforms as the present.

Dear Readers, just retire to your private rooms, switch off the light, and endeavour to portray in your minds the effect that a Coll. cap would bring, placed jauntily, somewhat one-sidedly, on the head of our honoured professor. The picture reminds me, on the one hand, of a present student who was formerly a member of the Football XI., but who now, unfortunately, has retired from active service on the "soccer" field

(owing to the necessity of selling his footer-boots one week—probably in order to defray the expenses of a Sunday at home with his—er—*sister*), and, on the other hand, of a student who spent the first two or three months of his College existence—asleep or awake—in his Coll. cap.

But to continue to labour at the task of depicting the spectacle of our hero in a Coll cap would be a disparagement of my readers' imaginative powers. Indeed, I must apologise if in the exuberance of ecstasy, excited by the prospect of seeing that sublime sight, I have already encroached too far upon my readers' realms of imagination. Suffice it to say that, whatever doubts may have existed in the minds of any of my readers as to the advisability or otherwise of introducing this reform—and the overpowering force of the arguments of *Ridiculus* is hardly calculated to permit us to admit even this possibility—they must have been dispelled at once by a single premeditation of the delightful prospect in store for future Hartleyans to whom it may be permitted to gaze upon this entrancing picture.

Dear Mr. Editor, assuming then that my readers are one and all convinced of the urgent necessity of carrying into effect the proposals of the Pro-Coll.-Cap-etc. party, I will venture to indicate what appears to me to be the only thing that will be lacking to the perfect consummation of the students' bliss when this reformation has been accomplished; and thus I will bring myself to the real object of this letter, which otherwise is but an inferior and parasitical imitation of that of *Ridiculus*. If I may be permitted to express an opinion, it seems to me that, although a broad distinction may be drawn between the staff and students by the respective appellations of *men* and *boys*, unfortunately all members of the staff do not possess that external appearance of mature age which *Mr. Kelly* and the aforesaid professor enjoys; nor all students that aspect of adolescence and puerility which such students as Messrs. Fleming and Barnes present. Hence it seems advisable to me that, in view of the possible confusion which may arise between members of the staff and students, a further reform is essential, which, while removing the possibility of such confusion, at the same time would prove an additional source of enjoyment to both students and staff alike, at least equal to that which the cap-reform would produce. The proposal, in short, is that the students should wear gowns outdoors. A gown would undoubtedly add a certain air of dignity to a student which would be bound to impress itself upon the citizens of Southampton—a dignity, I may say, which a Coll. cap, however excellent it may be in other respects, fails to produce. It is a noted fact that the townsfolk of Southampton, and especially the policemen, do not on the whole realise that Hartley students are men of great intellect, whose very presence in the town is a condescension on their part, and an undoubted boon to the inhabitants. They are accustomed to look upon us as so many wild hooligans and crazy lunatics whose periodic effervescences of animal hilarity are to be tolerated as unavoidable, and to be checked where possible.

You will agree with me, I am sure, Mr. Editor, when say that it is high time that we should dislodge this absurd idea from the stupid plebeian heads of the Southampton residents, and demonstrate to them our unquestionable superiority as educated savants, whose erudition is calculated, nay destined, to instruct the future generation. The success or failure of this generation depends almost entirely upon the degree to which we are minded to impart to them that knowledge of which we, as enlightened pedagogues, are the proud possessors. Time was when it was universally recognised that knowledge is power, and that it is knowledge indeed which, as Addison said, "truly and essentially raises one man above another" Let us then, having opened our eyes to the ignominy of

our present position, assert that superiority which is unquestionably ours, by virtue of the knowledge we possess, and reinstate ourselves in the eyes of the people of Southampton. And the first practical suggestion I can offer is the one I have indicated. The "wearing of the green," "harem skirts," and other such questions fade into insignificance and are completely overshadowed by this all-important question. I therefore earnestly advocate this reform, Mr. Editor, and am sure that you will recognise its value and importance.

Nor is the prospect without its attractions. Just imagine for a moment certain venerable-looking Hartley students, clad in flowing robes, striding in pensive and meditative wise along High Street, revolving in their minds elaborate schemes which shall insure the prosperity and happiness of coming generations. It is true that the remarks of the street urchins might not at first be altogether complimentary; but this should but serve as an additional incentive to them to maintain that superiority which they know to be theirs by right. Indeed, they might even profit by such an occasion by delivering an impromptu address calculated to instil into the minds of their audience—the magnitude of which cannot be doubted—the ideas which we have laboured to expound above. As a typical example we might take our venerable Mr. Fl—m—g, he who is so far steeped in the profundity of sapience as to aspire eventually even to a *certificate*. Indeed, it is not incongruous to imagine that, however superior, ostentatious. and dignified an air he may maintain—and we are positive that no one in the College is more able to assume and maintain such a demeanour—there will be found plebeians so far steeped in ignorance as to fail to show the deference due to so evident a superior, and so far lacking in politeness as to utter phrases in which the sanity of the person in question is put to doubt. Then will our hero show of what stuff he is made. Coming to a dead halt at the Clock Tower, or some other such convenient place, he will straightway deliver a spirited address, with the object of impressing his hearers with the vast importance of the calling to which he has devoted himself, and which at once stamps him as their infinite superior. Waxing fluent, he would pour forth his arguments with great eloquence, accompanying them with wild gesticulations, to which the long sleeves of his gown would add great effect:—

> "While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
> Amaze the gazing rustics ranged around."

Having finished his harangue, amidst the cheers of the excited crowd, now thoroughly convinced of his pre-excellency, throwing the skirt of his gown over his left arm after the manner of the Roman toga, he would proceed on his journey to College, carrying an expression such as Sir Richard Grenville must have exhibited when uttering those soul-stirring words "I have only done my duty, as a man is bound to do;" while the crowd, their burst of applause having spent itself, remain motionless and stricken dumb, so much have they been impressed by his sagacity.

> "And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
> That one small head should carry all he knew."

And then, Mr. Editor, there are other students who, although they do not possess to so marked a degree that external appearance of haughty pompousness and impressive solemnity which characterises him whom we have chosen for our example, would nevertheless present a sufficiently becoming appearance to ensure their being shown that respect which is due to them by virtue of their connection with that self-same honourable

calling. However, space will not permit me to enumerate examples of such students, and I must be content with suggesting such pseudonyms as *Onions*, *Isle-of-Wight-Calf*, the Staffordshire *Cracked-Pot*, etc., leaving my readers to conjure up in their minds the interesting spectacles they would present when clad in dark, flowing, academic robes. Suffice it to say that the effect would be sufficiently striking—not to say amusing—to ensure that all my readers who possess the slightest power of imagination would admit without further questioning the weight of this argument in favour of the wearing of gowns by the students.

I could proceed to show, too, Mr. Editor, that the effect of gowns upon the lady students would be still more charming, and that certain students who attired themselves in the costumes of Dutch Girls, etc., at their late Fancy-Dress Ball lost thereby much of the attractiveness and dignity which an academic robe would have imparted to them. However, I am aware that such an additional encroachment upon the valuable space of this Magazine would probably result in the complete extermination of this letter, which already is becoming far too long-winded.

Permit me, then, Mr. Editor, in conclusion, to urge upon my readers the necessity of giving due consideration to the arguments I have set out above, and of expanding those cases to which, owing to lack of space, I have only been able to give bare mention, In this way I feel sure that you will unanimously agree that this reform should not cease to harass the minds of all sensible-minded Collegians until it has met with the approval of the governing bodies and has been duly carried into effect.

With many expressions of thanks, Mr, Editor, for the use of your valuable space, and apologies for unnecessary protraction,

I am, yours truly,

RIDICULIOR.

ENGINEERING SOCIETY.

♥ ♥ ♥

The second half of the session of this Society has been most successful, having surpassed the most hopeful expectations of the Committee.

When the term commenced we had the pleasant duty of welcoming Mr. F. Corbin, to the post of Outside Secretary. On January 21st, Mr. C. H. Roberts gave a most interesting paper on Pumping Machinery. Mr. C. H. Roberts is the Waterworks Engineer to the Southampton Corporation, and before he came to Southampton, he had 14 Pumping Stations under his charge in Staffordshire, so he may be considered to be an expert on this particular branch of Engineering. He dealt with Pumping Engines from a point of view of an Engineer in charge at a large Permanent Pumping Station for the supply of water for purpose of consumption and supply.

The question of Steam Engine *versus* Gas, Electrically driven Engines, was discussed and it was shewn that for large plant, no engine was yet so efficient as the steam engine. He also dealt with the question of reciprocating pumps *versus* turbine and centrifugal pumps and all the questions

of a like nature; and in summing up said, that no other pumping machinery was so efficient as a beam engine coupled to a reciprocating pump for deep well work.

There was a very interesting discussion after the paper, which terminated at 9 p.m.

On February 2nd, the Society, through the good office of Mr. D. R. Bennett, succeeded in inducing Mr. T. G. Jackson, R.A., Architect in charge to the Dean and Chapter of Winchester Cathedral, to read a paper entitled "Winchester Cathedral, its History and an account of the repairs now being executed." Mr. T. G. Jackson, who is the foremost Architect on classical lines in England at present, was unfortunately suffering from a cold, so that those of the audience who preferred the dark and far removed balcony to the ground floor, were not interrupted by the speaker. The paper was most interesting and was beautifully illustrated by lantern slides, and we all are looking forward to the promised visit to the Cathedral to see in reality what we saw in the image on the screen during the course of the lecture. The meeting was thrown open to the public, and there was an attendance of about 400 people.

On Saturday, February 18th, Mr. W. S. Osman, an old student of the College, came across from Ryde and read a very interesting paper on the New Well now being constructed for the Ryde Corporation. Mr. Osman is the engineer in charge of the new work, and gave a very interesting and clear description of the same. The well is 150-ft. deep, and is constructed in the chalk with several headings or adits leading from the bottom of the well. It is lined with cast iron cylinders which were forced down from above by hydraulic jacks, the lowest cylinder having a cutting edge, so that they readily entered the chalk and so sinking and lining the well in one operation. The strata was very faulty, and in consequence the men employed in the work had to exercise great care lest in driving the adits the roof should fall on them.

On March 4th Mr. T. Donaldson, of J. I. Thornycroft & Co., will read a paper.

On March 11th Mr. Y. S. Brown will read one on Telegraphy.

On March 18th, the Hon. President, Mr. F. W. Lanchester, will read his Presidential Address, to be followed by a conversazione.

And on March 25th Mr. H. I. Sanders will read a paper on the Seine Floods. T. C.

MOTION OF WATER IN CURVED PIPES.

(Honour for the Vice-Principal).

\+ \+ \+

We feel proud to be able to insert in the pages of this Magazine, the report of the papers which Prof. Eustice had the honour to read before the Royal Society, with the success indicated below. This success is the more gratifying, seeing that his theories were formulated on the results of original research conducted at Hartley, and we beg to be permitted to offer him our sincere congratulations on their acceptance by this eminent body of scientists.

On June 2nd 1910, Professor Eustice read a paper before the Royal Society on the "Flow of Water in Curved Pipes" which has been published in the Proceedings of the Royal Society Section A, Vol. 84, 1910.

The paper described experiments, made in the Hydraulics Laboratory of the College, on the resistance offered to the flow of water through coiled flexible pipes.

It is well known that if water flows in straight pipes at low velocities there is a resistance to flow which varies directly as the velocity; at higher velocities the resistance varies approximately as the square of the velocity, between these velocities there is what is known as the "critical velocity" of flow.

Prof. Eustice showed that in coiled pipes there was no critical velocity region or that there was no sudden change in resistance as the velocity increased, he also obtained a formula which expressed the resistance in terms of velocity and curvature.

During the Summer vacation of 1910, an investigation was carried out, which gives an explanation of the discoveries previously made, the results are described in a paper on "Experiments on Stream-line Motion in Curved Pipes," which was read before the Royal Society on February, 16th 1911, and is about to be published in the Proceedings.

The published abstract of the second paper is as follows:—

In a paper on the "Flow of Water in Curved Pipes," the author has shown that during the flow of water through a pipe, if a change is made from a straight to a very slightly curved form there is an increased resistance to flow which is very marked at velocities below the critical velocity.

In order to find the cause of the increase in resistence an apparatus was designed which provides for the distribution of six variously coloured filaments of dyed water into a glass pipe through which water is flowing. The positions of the filaments can be so aranged that in the passage of water from a straight curved pipe the directions of the steam-lines in any part of the tube can be investigated.

The experiments show that the curvature of a filament is less than the curvature of that part of the pipe in which the filament is flowing, and if the velocity of flow increases the curvature of the filament increases. The filaments impinge on the outer wall of the pipe and, flattening into bands, follow the surface of the pipe and cross over to the inner wall, where the filaments start again in their path along the main stream, until (if the pipe is sufficiently long) the filaments again meet the outer wall, when the return flow along the surface is repeated.

A filament flowing in the central plane of the pipe, when reaching the outer wall, divides into two parts which come together on the inner wall of the pipe; the other filaments flow through the loop which is thus formed. A filament not in the central plane remains on that side of the plane in which it enters the curved pipe.

The experiments were extended to angle pipes, and the velocities were increased until turbulent motion was obtained. After flowing through a curved pipe or angle, vortices are generated which persist in a contiguous straight pipe.

Both papers were communicated to the Royal Society by Sir Joseph Larmor, Sec. R. S., who became interested in the investigations during his visit to the College as one of the Treasury Inspectors.

SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY.

♦ ♦ ♦

After a somewhat lengthy period of quietude, this term has witnessed the resuscitation of the Scientific Society. The Society has by no means suffered on account of its rather extenuated Summer holiday, but rather the reverse. It has come hack to life full of the vigour of youth, and no time has since been wasted. The Society is in an exceedingly flourishing condition. The meetings have been well attended, and if the present rate of increase continues, the day is not far distant when the meetings will of necessity be held in the College Hall. The membership list of the Society is longer than it has ever been before. It has exceeded all expectations.

Within a fortnight of the annual general meeting, the first ordinary meeting was held. Miss K. C. Boswell, B.Sc., gave a lecture on "Limestone Flora." Miss Boswell briefly described the chemical and physical properties of limestone and chalk, pointing out how each might affect the type of flora found on such soils. The rival theories (1), that it is the chemical nature of the ground that is all-important, and (2), that it is only the water-holding capacity of the rock which matters much, were contrasted in a manner that showed much careful study of the subject. The hardness of the rock, and consequently the depth of the soil formed, and the relative height of the land also have their effect. Climate plays its part in the distribution of plants on various substrata. For instance the beech, which in North Europe grows well on chalk, requires colder moister ground on the Mediterranean Coast. It is probahle, on the whole, that it is because some plants can endure a calcareous soil, rather than that any find it beneficial, that a fairly typical limestone flora is hrought ahout. Lantern slides were shown to illustrate the chief types of limestone country with the flowers found there. Views of cliffs and screes, moors, pastures, and copses and woods of Ash were thrown upon the screen, and the flora existing in each such locality pointed out and d scribed. A few slides were also shown of Sea Shore and Salt Marsh plants. The whole lecture was enjoyed, and considering the short notice at which Miss Boswell prepared the paper, every credit is due to her.

The second meeting was held on 21st February, when Mr. C. S. Agate gave a lecture on "Waves." Mr. Agate spoke of the general requirements of wave motion, explaining, and illustrating by means of models, the different types of waves existing in nature. Although the waves themselves move, nothing material passes along with them The lecturer then passed on to sound waves, and proceeded to show, by means of a sensitive flame and a Gelton s whistle, many of the phenomena connected with sound. Light is also due to a wave motion, and many things of its properties were demonstrated and explained. The next type of wave dealt with was water waves. The interesting experiments upon these waves performed in in the ripple tank, constituted the most interesting part of the lecture.

The third meeting took place on 7th March, when Mr. A. E. Hill, B.Sc., read a paper on "Wireless Telegraphy." The lecturer explained how it was that waves in the ether were produced by an electric spark, and how these waves could be detected at a considerable distance. Several different types of detectors were dealt with and explained by diagrams. The production and detection of waves was demonstrated by sending a "wireless" message across the room. A historic account of the development of Wireless Telegraphy from the simple experiments of Hertz, to the extensive present day system was given, and the lecturer concluded by mentioning the wonderful possibilities of wireless waves and their priceless value to mankind.

A discussion followed each lecture and questions were asked and answered. On each occasion the lantern was managed by Mr. H. G. Bell, in an able and creditable manner. The Tea Committee should also be congratulated upon the ahle manner in which they have provided for the teas which form an integral part of the Society's proceedings.

Other papers are to be given by Messrs. A. F. Graham, C. D. Banes, and H. F. Crook. During the Summer Term it is hoped to arrange outings to places of Scientific interest in the neighbourhood of Southampton. These should prove a pleasant source of knowledge and thus help fulfil the aims of the Society.

A.E.H.

HOSTEL NOTES.

♦ ♦ ♦



TRUE to the traditions of the past, the Hostel Students held the Annual Fancy Dress Tea and Whist Drive at the heginning of Fehruary, and for the only occasion permitted hy time andc onvention, appeared in public in whatever fantastic garh, funds and imagination permitted. The people who see the demure women students pondering over weighty volumes and proceeding to lectures, book-laden and solemn would never have connected them with the gaily bedecked foreigners, the celehrities past and present or the personified seasons and constellations who thronged the well known rooms at Bevois Mouut. No student rejoicing in thoughts of cakes or "creation" ever welcomed so large a parcel as one which paraded in company with the denizens of Wales, whilst a world-famous artiste only terminated an impressive pianoforte recital out of pity for the long suffering *instrument* (not for the hearers, equally long suffering). The only regrets are that the transformation did not last longer and occur oftener. The half-term holiday provided scope for ingenuity in another direction, and mysterious happenings, (resulting in one case in an apparent return to the bygone fashion of powdered hair) gave rise to serious fears that the historic ghost had taken her head from the rubbish-box and recommenced her nightly prowls.

The sounds which tell of many approaching birthdays and the press-gangs, which drag unwilling recruits to rehearsals, recall similar experiences which were gone through hefore last year's concert. Our heartiest thanks are certainly due to the hostel member of the Choral Committee, for her strenuous efforts to keep us in time and for the unfailing patience with which she endured the discords, conversations and comments which invariahly interrupted the music. Approaching terminals are rapidly exhausting whatever energy there may he in the Hostel and the hest way of finishing the notes and the term will be to sing with the "fair pretty maid," "Rue dum day, &c."

A. B.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

♦ ♦ ♦

MEN'S BRANCH.

This term has been a very encouraging one. We have had a series of interesting and helpful papers. The attendance has heen good and regular, and we feel that the Union as a hody is really a power in the College. The first paper was on "The Christian Life," hy Mr. Landon, and others were given hy Mr. Freeman ("The Cross"), Mr. Meyer ("Christian Ideals for Society"), Rev. Morris, B.A. ("A working conception of Jesus Christ"), Mr. May ("The Value of Man.") At the first combined meeting, we had a very helpful and inspiring address on "The Spirit of Service," hy Professor Clarke, M.A. We much regret that we shall not have the pleasure of his presence again, but hope he may be as helpful to the Students' Christian Movement in Cape Town as he has heen to us.

When Mr. French left the College, we lost our Student President and Mr. Freeman has been elected to that office, hy a unanimous vote. The duties of the Secretaryship were then handed over to the Treasurer. Mr. Williamson, Mr. Kite and Mr. Pugh, were elected as junior members of the Committee.

Dr. Stancombe has promised to address our next combined meeting, and we are looking forward to an address on one of the social problems in which he is interested.

It is hoped that the work next term will finish the strongest that the Christian Union has ever had in the College.

F. J. M.

WOMEN'S BRANCH.

Although this term has been an important one in the life of our Christian Union, there is not a great amount to report in hlack and white. Our various circles have been steadily continued, the Bible Study heing "St. Mark," the Social Study "Personal Economy and Social Reform," and the Missionary Study "The Reproach of Islam."

On February 12th, Professor Clarke addressed a combined meeting on the "Spirit of Service," a good number of Students heing present. The great occasion of the term has, of course, heen the Universal Day of Prayer for students throughout the World, which fell this year on Sunday, February 26th. A united meeting of Women Students was held at the Hostel in the afternoon, when our Staff President, Miss Auhrey, gave us a helpful address on "Prayer," after which we joined in united intercession for students throughout the world, our own College included.

We would ask all members and their friends to remember the funds for sending delegates to the Summer Conferences. Any contribution, however small, is of value, as may he seen by the fact that our farthing fund has now reached a sum of more than three shillings.

P.M.

LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

♠ ♠ ♠



THE end of the Literary and Debating programme is drawing nigh, and by the time the Magazine is in the hands of the members the last meeting will have taken place on March 17th. We very much regret that the fixed dates could not be adhered to, but unforeseen functions made it necessary to make several changes. However we can look back with a certain amount of satisfaction as far as the attendance was concerned, but at times members might have been more energetic in making their way to the platform. The third meeting of the Society was held on December 9th, when the House transformed itself into the Hartley Parliament to discuss Free Trade *v.* Tariff Reform. The Free Trade party, led by Mr. C. B. H. Clarke, formed the "Government" and the supporters of Tariff Reform the opposition. Our worthy president assumed the office of Mr. Speaker. Members on both sides of the House expressed their views with much freedom and vigour, and in spite of the fact that parliamentary language should have the order of the evening, honourable members were treated to such ejaculations as "Rats!" from the Hon. Member for Aylesbury who came under the ruling of the Speaker. The motion in favour of Free Trade was carried by a majority of 8. This meeting was so much enjoyed by the members, that many of them wanted another of a similar nature, and on January 20th, we had a debate on the question of the Veto of the House of Lords. This meeting was held in the Ladies' Common Room. Mr. Elton proposed the resolutions which the present government in power are supporting, and Mr. Hargreaves proposed Lord Roseberry's resolutions which were eventually carried by a majority of 2. The fifth meeting took place on February 3rd, when the House met to consider the motion—This House is of opinion that vivisection is necessary and justifiable. In the unavoidable absence of the President, the chair was taken by Mr Tomlinson (Vice-President). Mr. W. J. Phillips acted on behalf of the Secretary who was also absent on that evening. Mr. S. Young introduced the motion by explaining how vivisection was a misleading name for what he termed "experiments on living animals." He showed how every precaution should be taken, according to the Act of 1876, so that animals should not suffer. The proposer said that it was want of knowledge which prevented the diminution of suffering and ignorance that hampered the work of research. He further showed how the vivisectionist is working for the good of his fellow men by spending his life in diligent scientific research, because his quest is truth, which will and does alleviate and prevent much suffering.

Miss Ritchie opposed the motion. She first of all asked the House not to be deceived by the proposer's plausible tale which was the same as that used by all who practiced vivisection to blind the eyes of credulous people. Members looked horrified as the opposer numerated various methods of experiment which, she said were carried out under the name of vivisection, better called "Criminal Curiosity." The work of the vivisection was as futile as trying to extract sunshine from cucumbers. Facts

deduced from animals did not apply to man in the opinion of the opposer, and as the honourable proposer supported the view that they did, perhaps he enjoyed his beef-bone on the mat at the back door, or curled himself up on the rug in front of the fire and gently purred to show he was happy and "comfy" (Boo-woo!), (We wonder!). In her opinion the experiments of the vivisectionist had never stood the test of time. Mr. Barnes seconded the the motion and Mr. Eastwood supported the opposer. 35 voted for the motion aud 21 against.

The next meeting was held on February 24th, and the motion "That Individualism will do more for human progress than Socialism," was discussed. The motion was very ably proposed by Mr. Banes who said the debate was a combat between a visionary hypothesis and a stubborn reality that we already had with us. He endeavoured to show the effects of socialism as compared with the advantages already enjoyed under individualism, and how independence upon the institutions which socialism would cause, would destroy that independence of spirit which is the greatest characteristic of the English race.

Mr. Pugh opposed the motion. and defined socialism as that doctrine which proposes that all the means of production, distribution and exchange shall become the property of the State. He believed in international socialism, so that the whole world would live under a system of ideal socialism and from this standpoint tried to show how any particular country and then the individual, would be more progressive than under individualism. Miss Lees seconded the proposer and Mr. Houghton supported the opposer. The motion was carried by 37 votes against 18.

At the debate on March 3rd, 72 members were present. It was a struggle of North against South. The motion before the House was "that the North are more enterprising than the South." Mr. G. Smith proposed the motion which was opposed by Mr. T. Coope. We were sorry to hear that "lack of capital" has prevented the Hon. Proposer from travelling much in the South, but in spite of this fact his knowledge of the municipal affairs of the Southern towns seemed rather extensive. Mr. Coope showed that the South, in spite of being handicapped in more ways than one, when compared with the North, was not so much lacking in enterprise as the proposer had tried to make the House believe. The motion was lost by 10 votes, 31 being for the motion and 41 against. One supporter of the motion informed the House that he and other members from the North, came to the Hartley University College, because the Northern colleges were "too good to have such as we." Are we to infer that they are not good enough for the Northern colleges? If that is so, it speaks well for the enterprise of Hartley!

The united meeting of the Debating and Choral Society has not yet been arranged, but May 5th, is an approximate date.

F. J. M.

WOMEN STUDENTS' SWIMMING CLUB.

♥ ♥ ♥

We are glad to be able to announce that Committee meetings have this term given place to meetings at the Baths. Two meetings of the Club have been held aud although the numbers have as yet been smaller than we should like, we find that we can count among our members several good swimmers. Next term we hope that many non-swimmers will be courageous enough to come down to the Baths and so give us an opportunity to assist them in their efforts to become swimmers. M.E.M.

CHESS NOTES.

♥ ♥ ♥

THERE are two facts in connection with College Chess which at first sight seem to be irreconcilable. They are:—first, the advance in popularity of the game amongst the Coll. fellows; and second, the comparative failure of the College team in the Trophy matches. Last year it will be remembered the College remained unbeaten until the Final. This year, so far, out of four matches played, one has been won, and one drawn. On Tuesday, 7th March, the one remaining match is to be played. Our opponents are Southampton "C" team. We hope to win and thus bring our percentage wins up to fifty.

In connection with the Trophy games, Prof. Watkins must be congratulated upon the able manner in which he has led his team. Pro. Watkins has had to play against really strong players, the best the county can produce, and it is greatly to his credit that he has won two of his games and drawn a third. We wish him continued success.

Nevertheless we shall have to wait another year before that Trophy finds a place in the Central Corridor.

The Handicap Tournament is now practically over—only one game remaining to be played. A. E. Hill gained first prize, T. J. Moody second, and L. A. Landon and G. Smith have yet to meet.

As has already been said, all that was hoped for in match play has not been realised; but otherwise the year has been a success. With the increased interest, the College team should do excellently next year and accomplish great things.

A.E.H.

TEACHERS' GUILD.—(Prof. Studer, President).

February, 10*th*—PAPER: MRS. ROWE.

♥ ♥ ♥

A meeting of the Teachers' Guild (Southampton and District Branch) was held at the Central District School, by kind invitation of Miss Fry, on Friday, Prof. Studer in the chair. An interesting lecture was given by Mrs. B. H. Rowe, of Bournemouth, on her rapid method of teaching children to read. The lecturer, who is the widow of a distinguished public schoolmaster, has consecrated many years of patient research to this object. It was in undertaking the education of her own children that Mrs. Rowe first realised the drawbacks and serious defects of the methods generally used in teaching little children the rudiments of the art of reading. Throughout the lecture one felt that every new suggestion has been carefully tested in practice, and even if here and there the author seemed guilty of a little extravagance (for example in endeavouring to give the child an explanation for the shape of each letter), the principles on which her system is based are undoubtedly both sound and practical, and in perfect agreement with the views of modern educationists. That the teacher should proceed from the known to the unknown is quite an old idea, yet the prevalent methods by which reading is taught present to the child a host of new words, before he is taught to read those words with which he is already familiar. Mrs. Rowe's system removes that drawback, largely

by attaching greater importance to the initial syllable than to the termination of a word, and by doing away with the long and tedious lists of words with like ending, which weary and repel the child at the very beginning of his education. Mere drudgery and all that tends to destroy the initiative of the child and stifle his thinking powers, should be avoided. Therein lies the chief value of Mrs. Rowe's method. From the very outset, the child's interest is kept alive, his perceptive faculties, his imagination and his little reason are appealed to, in the process of teaching him the sounds of the language and symbols which represent these sounds. The perplexing difficulty of the English language which often represents many different sounds by one and the same letter, is dealt with in a masterly way, without resorting to the use of phonetic script, and increasing thereby the labour of the child when later on he has to master the peculiarities of English orthography. It would, however, be impossible to give here a complete account of the valuable suggestions thrown out by the lecturer in the course of her paper, or to analyse in detail the features of her remarkable and ingenious method. Those specially interested in the question should consult Mrs. Rowe's publication. "The Teacher's Manual to Rowe's Rapid Method," (Dent & Co.), The lecture took up most of the evening, and was followed by a short discussion, in which Miss Richards, Miss Goodwin, Prof. Clark, and Prof. Studer took part. A hearty vote of thanks was accorded to Mrs. Rowe, and the hope was expressed that in the near future Mrs. Rowe might have an opportunity of giving a practical demonstration of her method in one of the infant schools of the town.

HOCKEY.

♦ ♦ ♦

This term has not been very full as regards Hockey. We have had only a few matches so far, having scratched 3 and having 5 still to play.

Our first Redbridge match was played away and was very enjoyable, resulting in a win for us of 3—1. The next result was another win for us of 3—2.

The match with Cowes Ladies was played in fine style and we left the field with a score of 9—1. After this match we entertained the visitors to a tea at the College, which we have every reason to believe was enjoyed by everyone present.

We were especially sorry to find that the weather disagreed with our plans for a match with the Tartans, and we are sorry to find that we are unable to fix another match with them as we are hooked up.

We are looking forward to those matches yet to come and hope to be able to give as glowing accounts of the deeds of the team at the end of the season, as we can at present *i.e.*—no matches lost and only one drawn.

G. L. P.

FOOTER NOTES.

♠ ♠ ♠



THE two games of supreme importance this term, were the matches with Reading and Southampton Reserves.

Reading visited us on January, 18th and a most pleasant game resulted, in which the Coll. Team won by 3-1. We have thus won both fixtures with Reading this year, avenging the defeats of last season. The Principal kicked off and was an interested spectator during the whole of a fast and interesting game. The first quarter of an hour saw the Coll. defence very busy and our goal had two rather lucky escapes; but after that we settled down to our game and scored first through Douglas. Reading quickly equalised and at half-time, the score stood 1-1. In the second half the Coll. had much more of the game and scored twice through Bendrey. Reading were unfortunate to lose their outside right, and but for that accident they would probably have lessened our lead. After the match our visitors were entertained to tea in Room 20. The Principal and Prof. Clarke honoured us with their presence, and both made short speeches suitable to the occasion, the Principal speaking of the days when he captained his College Soccer XI. We were sorry Mr Phillips, our popular President, was unable to be with us. We feel that any sporting function is uncomplete without him, so much has he done for College sport in general and Football in particular. After tea came the smoker which we had to cut short at eight o'clock, in order to accompany Reading to the station where as many as possible were "tossed."

The match with ***Southampton Reserves*** for the benefit of the Building Fund, took place on February 8th, at the Dell, We were unfortunate in being without Freeman, our captain, but otherwise put our full team in the field. Colonel Swalm kindly kicked off for us and the Coll. made a quick rush to the Saints' goal, but were driven back and were kept busy for a full quarter of an hour defending hard. During this time the Saints scored three goals. Then the Coll. rallied together and played magnificent football, and Going scored after good work by the left wing. In the second half the Coll. team more than held its own and were very unlucky not to score again. Bendrey at this juncture was playing wonderfully well, almost bewildering the Saints' defence with his pretty footwork. With Small tackling in his best style and Crawshaw kicking in a manner which evoked comment in the local paper, the Saints forwards never looked very dangerous in the second half; while Agate always proved equal to any emergency. Howarth's play on the wing did not merit his practical starvation. Clark played with his old dash, and Prince at centre half was as steady and his tackling as clean as ever. We think that 2-1 would represent more accurately the run of the play.

A sum of £11 0s. 9d. was made over the match and this has been handed to the Building Fund. Our thanks are due to the Directors of the S.F.C. for their generosity in giving us the match and proceeds of the gate.

We entered two teams for the ***Eastleigh and District Tournament,*** on Feb. 25th. The A team met and beat the Mechanical Engineers by 12-1 in the 1st round, Sherry's College by 8-0 in the 2nd round, and in the 3rd round two matches were played. Southampton Wanderers, who had previously beaten Winchester, were first defeated by 9-4; and then Winchester, who had won a protest against the Wanderers, had next to be beaten. Eastleigh Baptist then awaited us and defeat in the semi-final. By this time it was quite dark, but by the light of a match we saw that we had won the toss in the final, and we started the most absurd game possible. Somebody said that Bendrey had scored, "and we roared a hurrah." But a moment afterward a Pear Tree forward punched down the ball and kicked it into our goal. Somebody hung round his neck—for joy. As the ref. saw neither offence, the score stood at 4-4. Then Pear Tree added two corners and ran out victors by 6-4. The Coll. team "secured valuable medals" after playing six matches, four, including the final, without leaving the field,

Of our other matches this term we have *played seven and won seven.* By the time the notes are in print we shall have won the Wednesday League, for at the time of writing we only require two points out of a possible six in order to make our position secure. Against ***Footwear*** we won by 5-0, Bendrey scoring all the goals. ***Civil Service*** were beaten by 4-1, Small scoring the best goal of the match with a lovely shot, which gave the goalie no chance whatever.

Woolston Rovers failed to take a point from us on March 1st, although in the first half there seemed a possibility of their doing so, the score being zero. At the finish, however, we were two goals to the good. We were pleased to be able to show ***R.A.M.C.*** a little of our form when we beat them by 4-1 this term, and avenged our only League defeat of this season.

B. O. M.

Second Eleven.

This term the Second Eleven have unfortunately not been so successful as they were in the first half of the season, having won 4, lost 3, and drawn 2, with a goal average of 26 against 16.

Still, the football shown has been with one or two exceptions quite as good as last term, and, although it could by no means be called scientific, yet it is of the type calculated to win matches.

With regard to our League matches, we entertained ***Kingston Park*** immediately after the holidays, and, after a splendid game, won 2-0. Probably the Second Eleven have never played better football than they did in that match. At ***Eastleigh*** we have not been so fortunate, only effecting a draw in each of our two matches there, and playing in both cases before very hostile crowds. Our next great match was at ***Woolston,*** and with regard to this, perhaps the least said the better; our only satisfaction being that we discovered our left back to be a capital shot at his own goal.

On the Common, Hartley, I am glad to say, prove a splendid draw, both our matches there being keenly watched by a fairly large crowd. Against ***Palmerston Guild*** we won 6-2, thanks to our defence, which was so good that from pure generosity it gave away two goals, whilst against the ***Co-Operatives*** it was obvious that the team was overtrained.

Only two friendly games have been played, which we won by 6-0 and 3-1 respectively.

One noticeable feature of the team is the keenness of all the players. This to a certain extent compensates for the lack of finished combination. In goal Banes has done yeoman service, possessing a strong kick and good judgment. Viccars considerably strengthens the defence by his fine tackling. Elliott has played consistently well, while Rimmer, though ordinarily very safe and steady, is at times apt to forget himself. Among the halves Hill has done excellent work, being ably seconded by Cooper and Smith, who, however, are a trifle too vigorous in their tackling, and seem to be imbued with the idea of getting the ball or the man, preferably the latter. Noble, both as captain and outside-right, has worked very hard for the team, but would do far better if a little more combination entered into his play. Moriarty makes a good inside man, and has also done good work as centre. As pivot of the forward line Young is excellent, and is only lacking a little in weight. Undoubtedly the opportunist of the team is Jeans, who, with Ambler, form an excellent wing. The latter is fairly fast, and possesses a strong kick, but has yet to learn the lesson that the play of a wing man is to centre and not to shoot.

Altogether the team is very evenly balanced, and looks far better on paper than it does on the field.

G. S.

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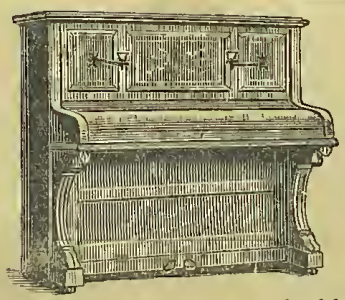
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